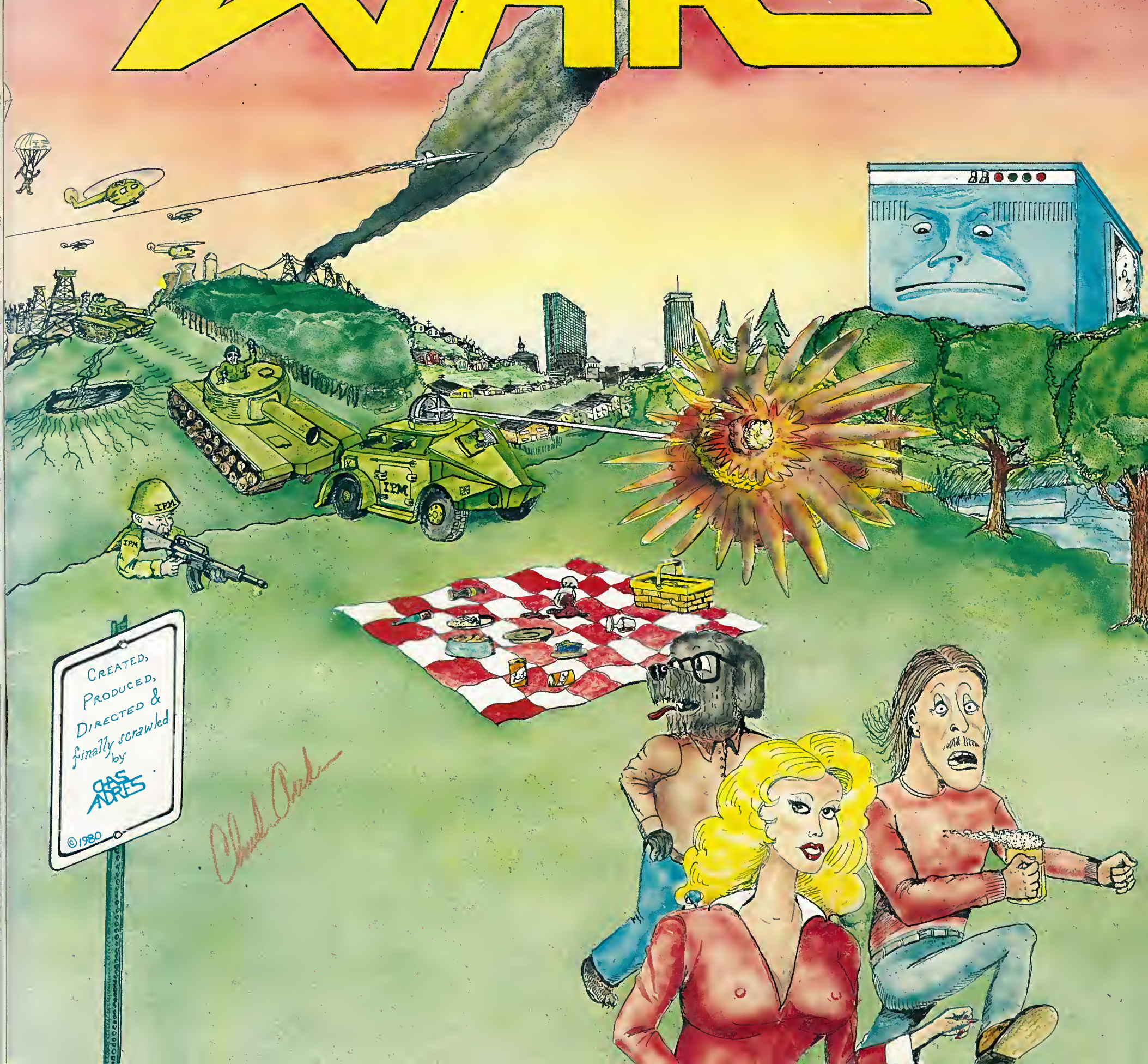


CHTHON
PRESS

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CPU WARS



Display Your 'baud' in a Fantasy

Yes, now available *nationally* for the first time, Fantasy T-shirts are making a hit from Maine to Miami -- from Perth Amboy to the gulfstream waters -- from Santa Clara to San Jose! All shirts are 100% cotton. Designs are the highest quality silkscreen.

★ **Play Adventure T-Shirt**

This shirt depicts a scene from the classic computer game *Adventure*, where you explore an underground cave filled with treasure and danger. The shirt shows a particularly tricky spot in the Hall of the Mountain King where the Adventurer is being attacked by a fierce snake and a dwarf. The detail of the shirt is in black and the letters appear in red. (Background colors are optionally cool blue, subtle tan, ostentatious yellow, or sunset gold).

★ **Play Zork T-Shirt**

Experienced computer game players having excelled in *Adventure* may want to try *ZORK* (also known as *Dungeon*) a game more comprehensive than *Adventure* in its complexity at every level (more commands, more rooms, more difficult puzzles, etc.) Show your prowess in the ultimate in computer games by wearing this t-shirt next time you go to a cocktail party -- (or use it when you cut the grass.) (Available in subtle tan and ostentatious yellow)

★ **CPU WARS T-Shirt**

When you are jogging through the rich section of town, you can get that millionaire's attention with an eye-catching CPU WARS T-Shirt! Displays the CPU WARS logo and your favorite CPU WARS heroes -- Digital Dog, Virtual George, and Belynda Bliss. Show the world that you too read the comic for the 95th percentile -- CPU WARS! (available in subtle blue and notorious black)



All shirts are available in Small (adult 34-36), Medium (38-40), Large (42-44), and Extra Large (46-48) sizes. When ordering, please specify size and color. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Yes! Please rush me ___ T-Shirts at \$6.00 each. I enclose .50 per shirt for postage and handling.

Send to:

Name: _____

Address: _____

City,State,Zip: _____

Send order form and check (make checks payable to CHASCO) or money order to:

Fantasy T-Shirts, 77 Mark Vincent Drive, Westford, MA 01886

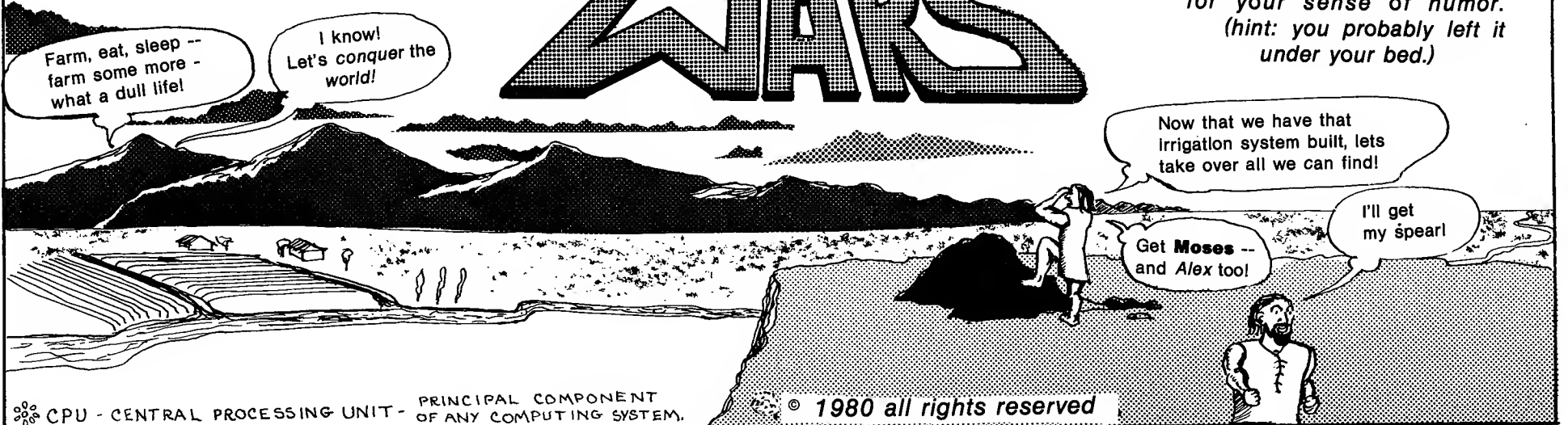
CPU WARS is published by CHTHON Press (pronounced ka-THON), 77 Mark Vincent Drive, Westford, MA 01886. Copyright 1980 by CHASCO, all rights reserved. Permission to reprint any part of this publication may be obtained by contacting CHTHON Press. Additional copies are available for \$2.95 plus .50 for postage and handling. (Make checks out to CHASCO. Massachusetts residents add 5% sales tax.) Quantity prices are also available. CHTHON (pronounced ka-THON) is one of the oldest known words for the planet Eearth.

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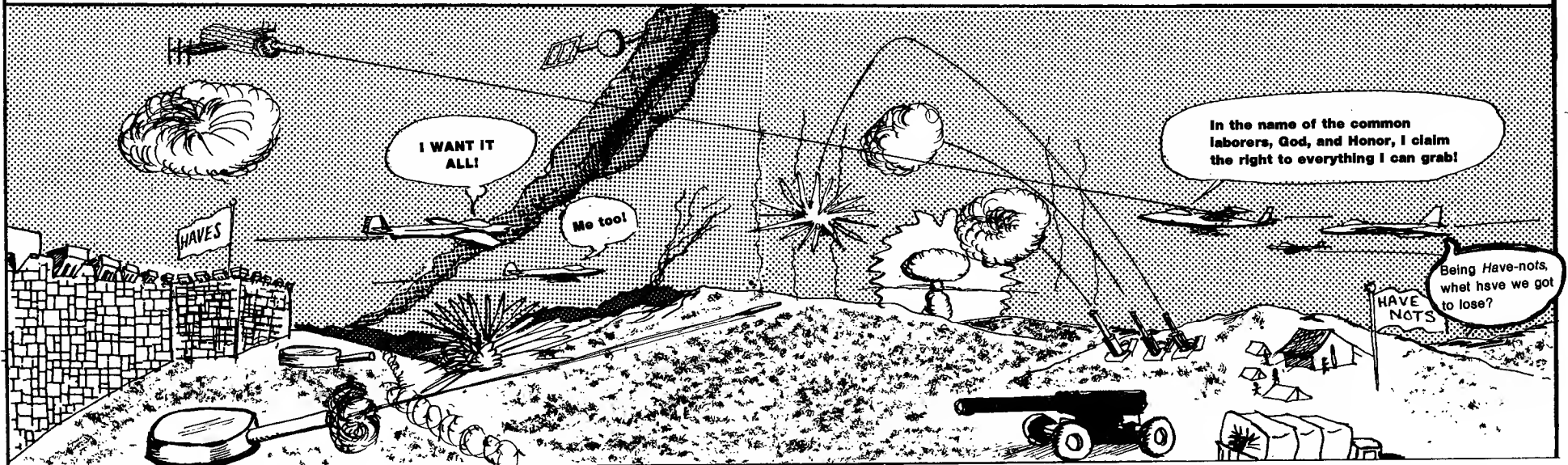
Since Ancient Times, the battle for global domination has pre-occupied human history ...

CPU WARS

NOTE: Any resemblance to persons or organizations in this comic are purely coincidental. Besides, if it bothers you, initiate an intensive search for your sense of humor. (hint: you probably left it under your bed.)

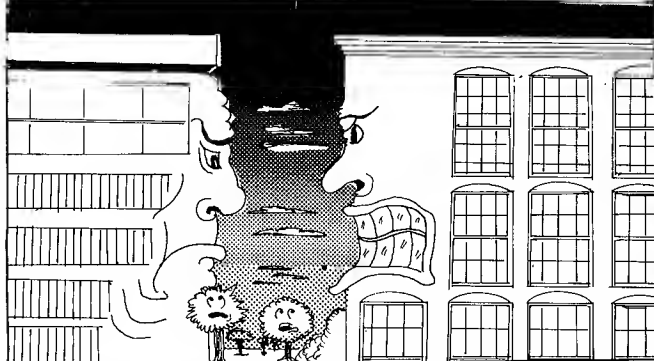


The advent of technology and modern civilization has done little to change that uncontrollable desire to rule the entire planet!

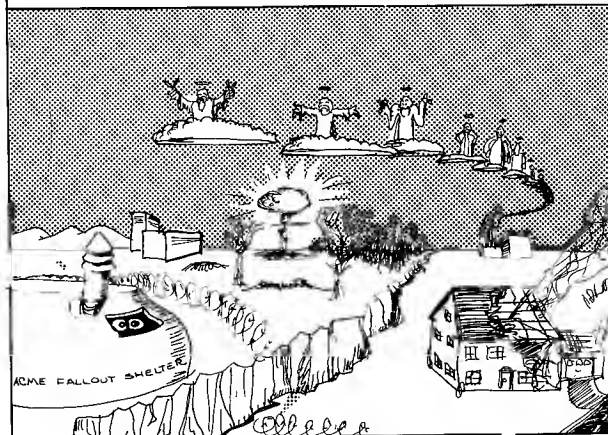


Two PRIME contenders for a global struggle were the **pace-setting manufacturers** in the world of megabytes and memories:

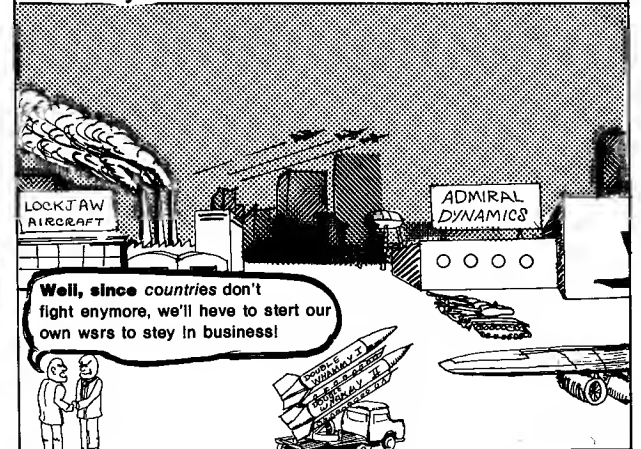
COMPUTERS!



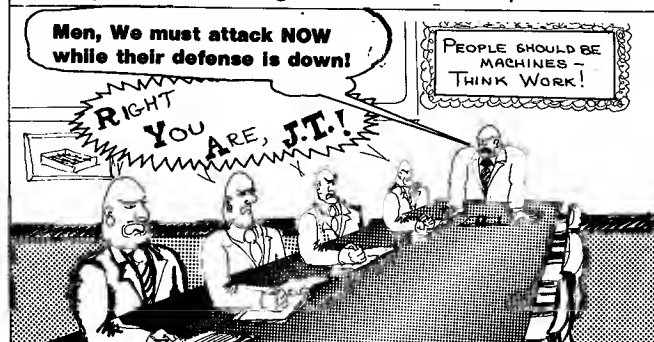
After the *Energy Crisis*, the **Earthquakes**, the Neutron War, the *Deadly Bees*, the Second thru Thirty-seventh Coming, and Anita Bryant, few strongholds of wealth remained...



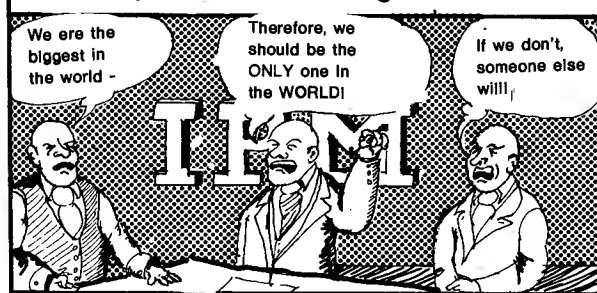
The great expense of multiple catastrophes had left world governments weak; thus wars for privately-held fortunes were *sanc-tioned* for their reviving effect on the Arms Industry...



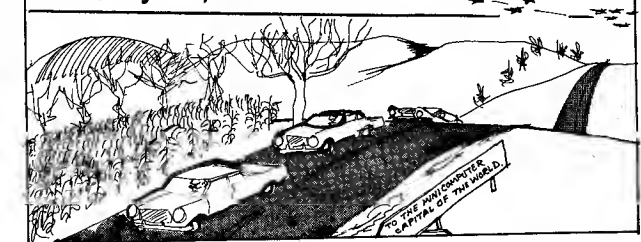
And thus, the scene was set in the Board Room of Impossible to Program Machines Corp...



IPM is the largest computer corporation in the world. Naturally, this isn't enough ...



And so, a battalion of crack **IPM** storm troopers supported by a fighter squadron disguised as business jets spear-head an attack on an old woolen mill in Barnyard, Mass --

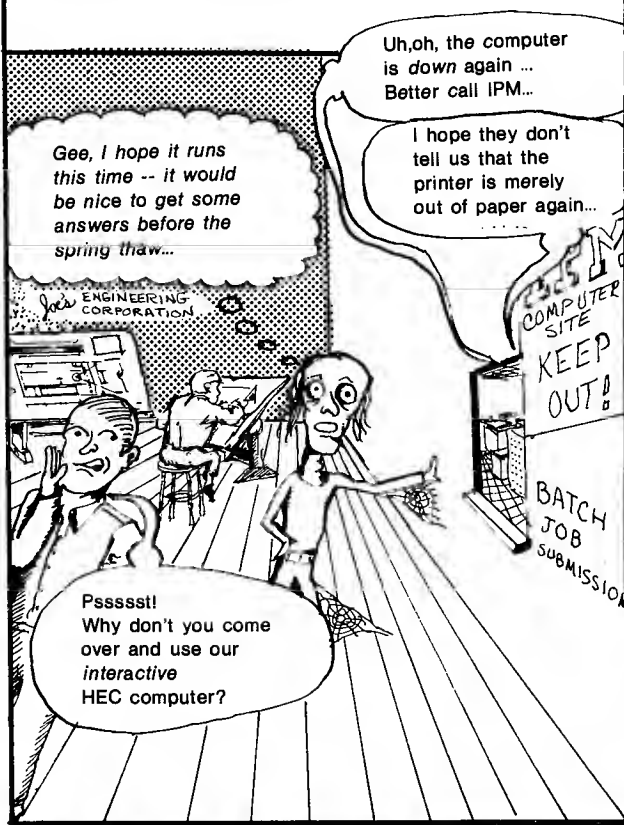


...which houses the original offices and factory of **IPM's** main competitor -- **Human Equipment Corporation!**

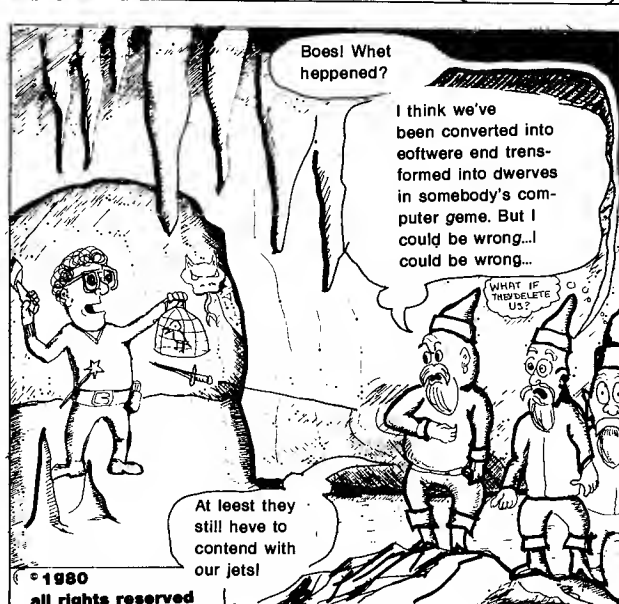
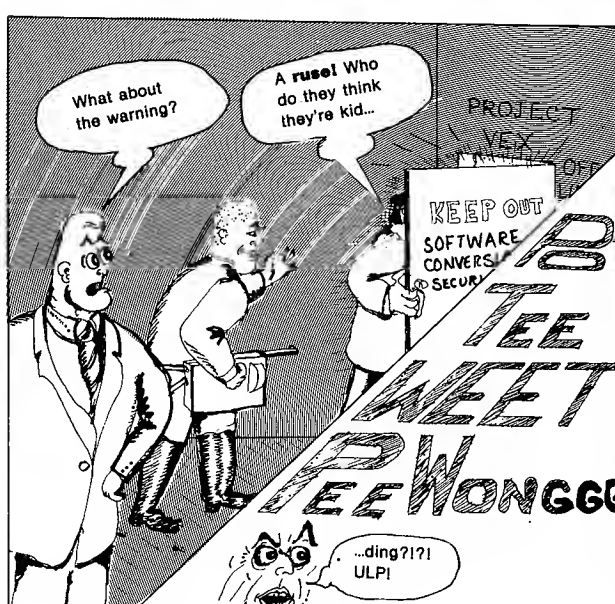
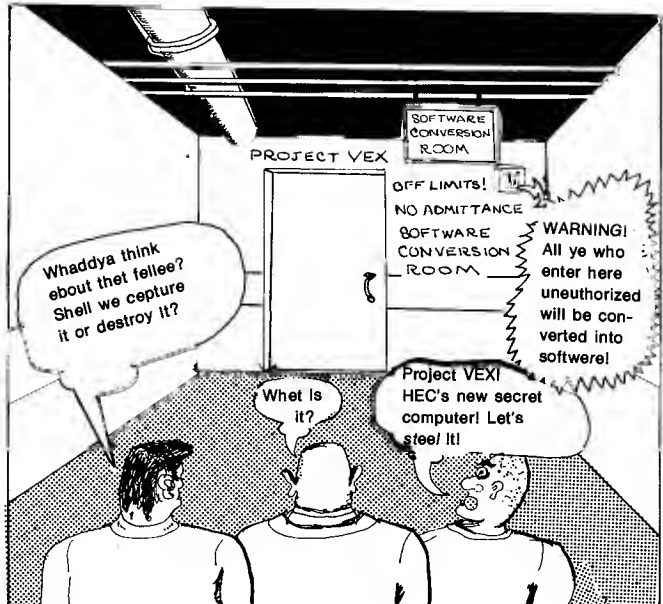
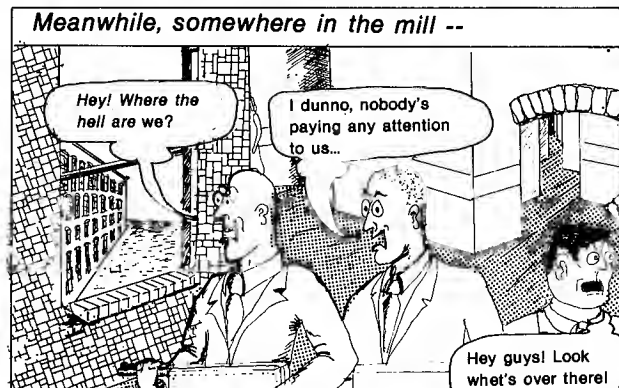
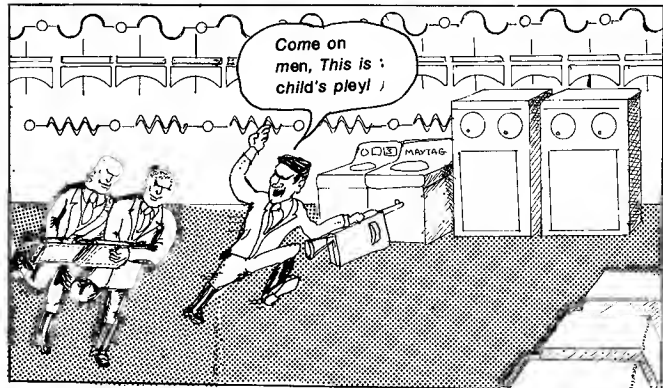
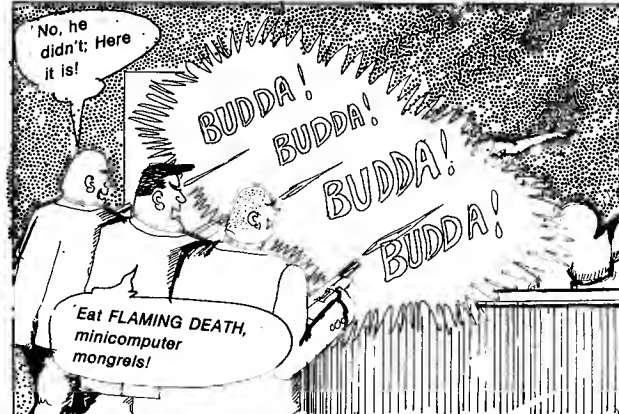
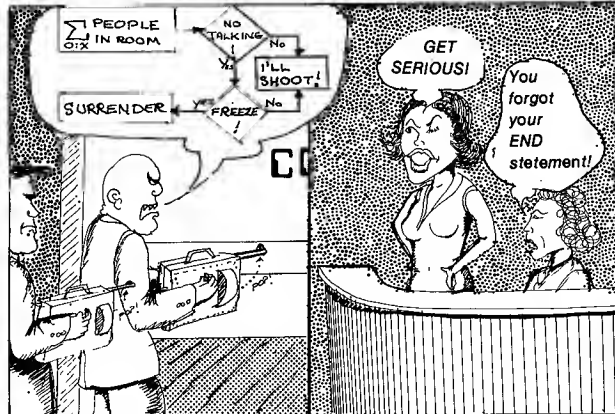
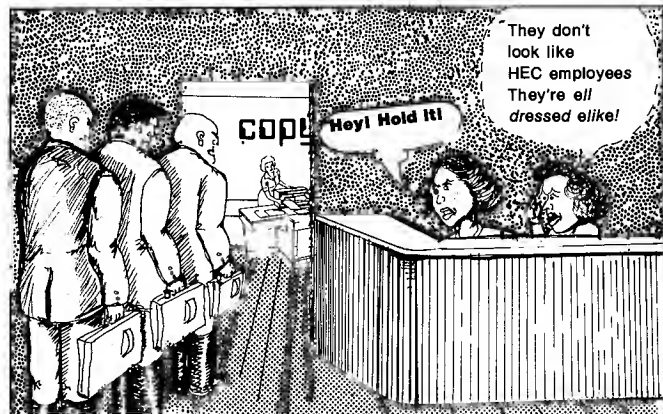
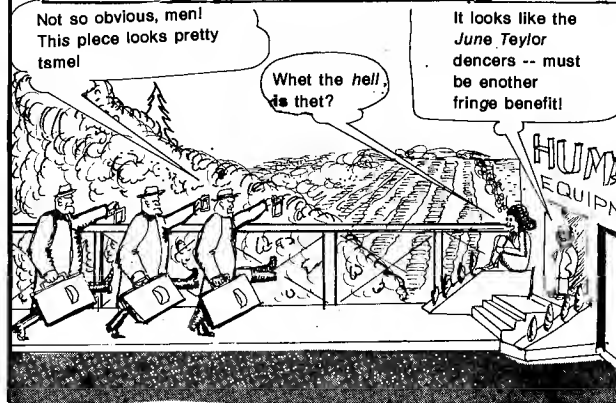
(also known as **HEC** as in: 'What the --')



HEC is much smaller than **IPM**, but is catching up fast due to their daz-zlingly efficient hardware and inter-active software...



Because HEC makes computers that are easy to use and more accessible to people, **IPM** has also felt a *moral* obligation to eliminate HEC before too many people had access to too much information. This would have diverted control of power away from the elite. The first sneak attack thus was composed of hired thugs dressed as gray-suited automatons.



CHAPTER 1

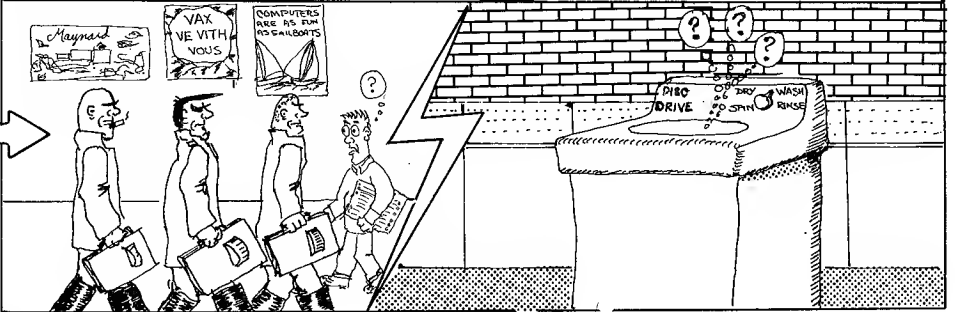
CPU WARS

Characters & Graphics by Chas Andres

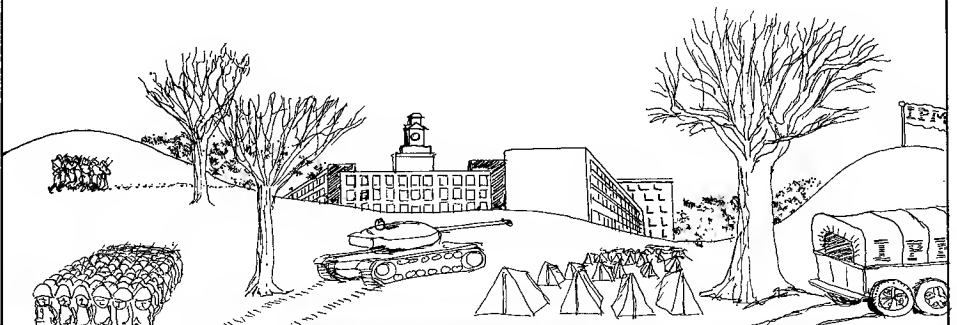
In which THE SINISTER FORCES of **IPM** DECLARE WAR on the peaceful people of HEC-land & attempt to delete minicomputers from the face of the Earth!!

*IMPOSSIBLE to PURCHASE MACHINES CORP.

IPM has begun hostilities with a sneak guerilla attack on the old converted woolen mill that had been HEC's home for many years. However, their troops were converted into software, and now exist merely as magnetic flux on a disc storage unit...



Not to be so easily defeated, **IPM** has made a formal declaration of war with the winner to take over the **MACROSHARE** of the world computer market. As the war continues, the old mill is surrounded...



Meanwhile, inside the mill...

Well, you all know that we are surrounded so we have to stay here a while longer...

B-but, how will we survive? All we have to eat are the Whoopie Pies in the vending machines!

Hey, relax, will ya? You have already eaten so many of those, you are not only immune to their effects, you're addicted!

THIS IS A VIRTUAL DOOR

Well, at least Andy won't have any trouble adjusting -- he lives here already!

I just hope they don't shut the power off...

DAEDALUS WAS HERE

ANDY THE ERRED EMPEROR

TOYS

LISTINGS

CLOTHES

And outside in the frigid wastes...

Hey! It's damn cold out here! When are we going to invade?

When we're good and ready! Ya don't want to be converted into software do ya? What if you had to come back as an error handler?

Yeah! I've worked for them all -- The PLO, Castro, the Shah, the CIA, the DAR... even the Sex Pistols!

Deciding to attack on three fronts, **IPM** forces attempt to capture HEC-land's command control center which they *think* is in the mill...

Here they come!

I wish I were in our Canada branch!

I wish I wuz in de land o' cotton!

Hell, I wish I were in Hawaii!

But the corrosive waters of the Betyerass River combined with printed circuit board etching acid eats the bottoms of the boats...

Try a mill martini, fiends!

And the cruel winds known as *The Montreal Express* blow the paratroopers into South Boston...

Lookit dat, Louise I tol' ye dey wudn't be satisfied to BUS em in -- Now dey's droppin' em by AIR!

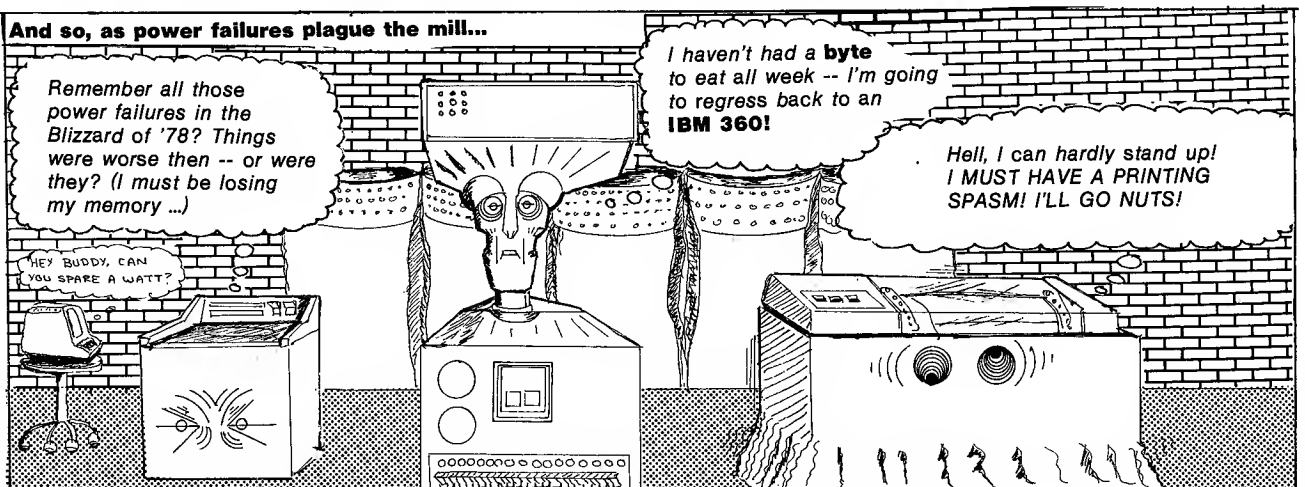
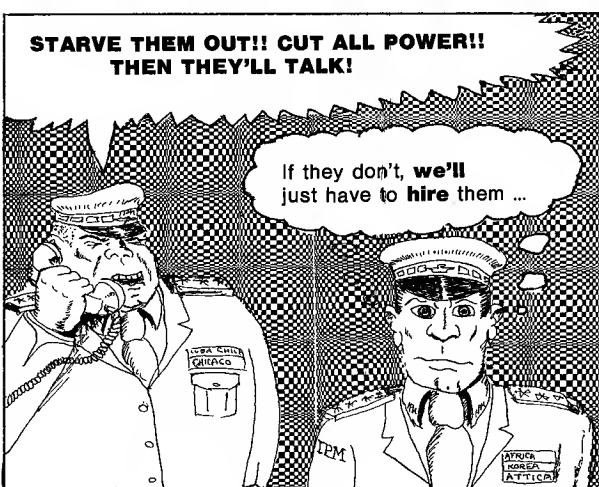
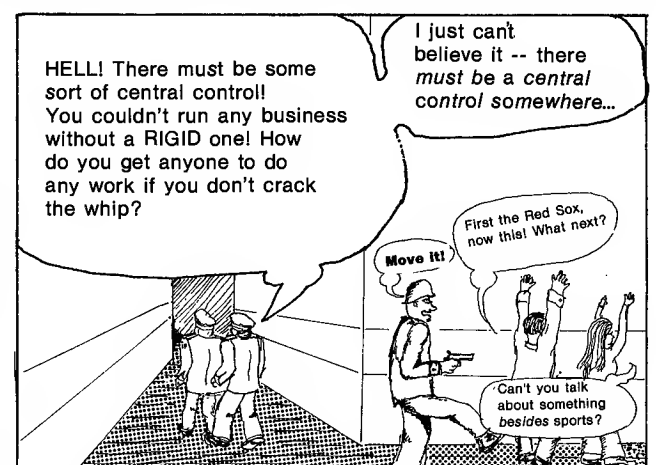
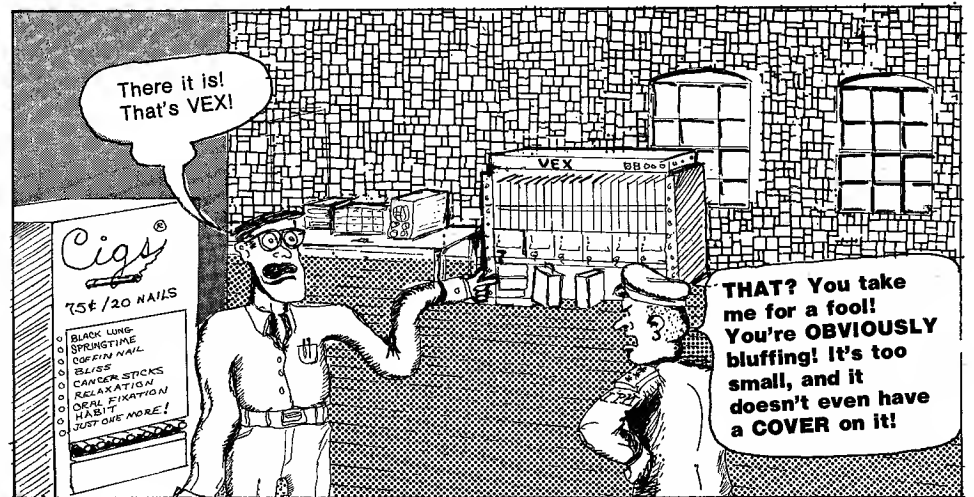
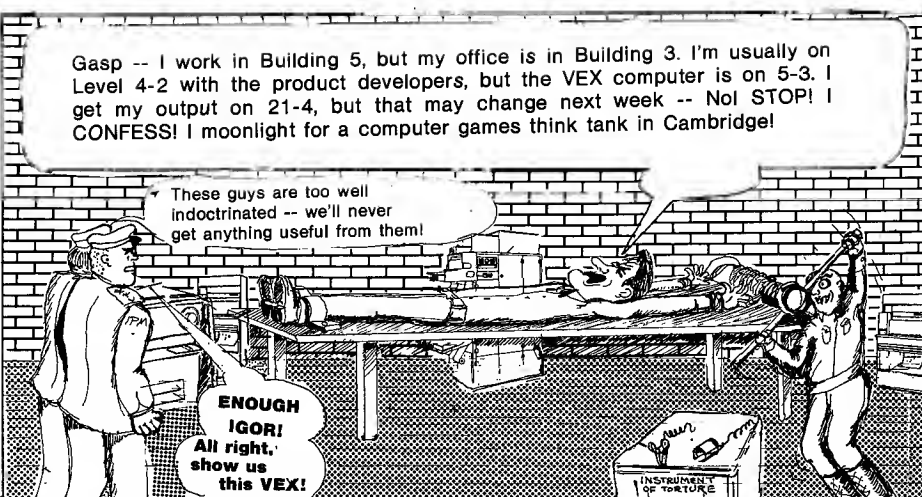
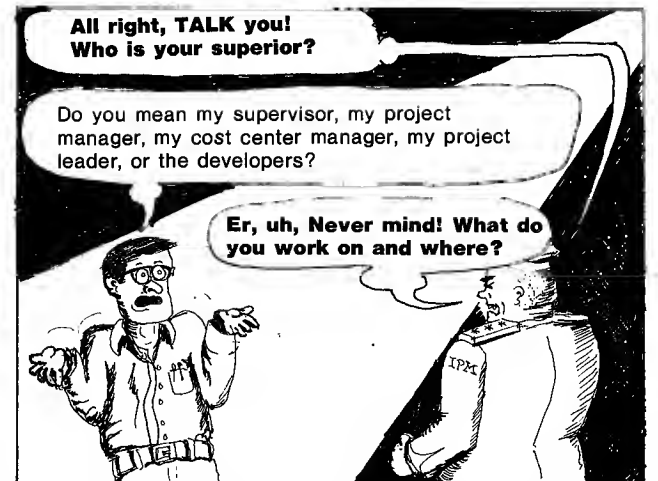
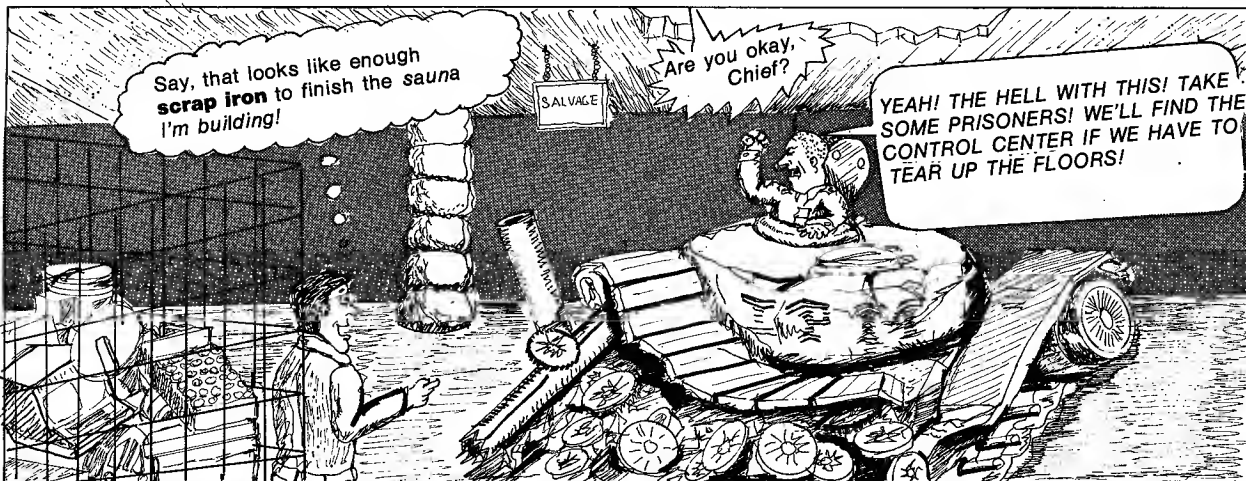
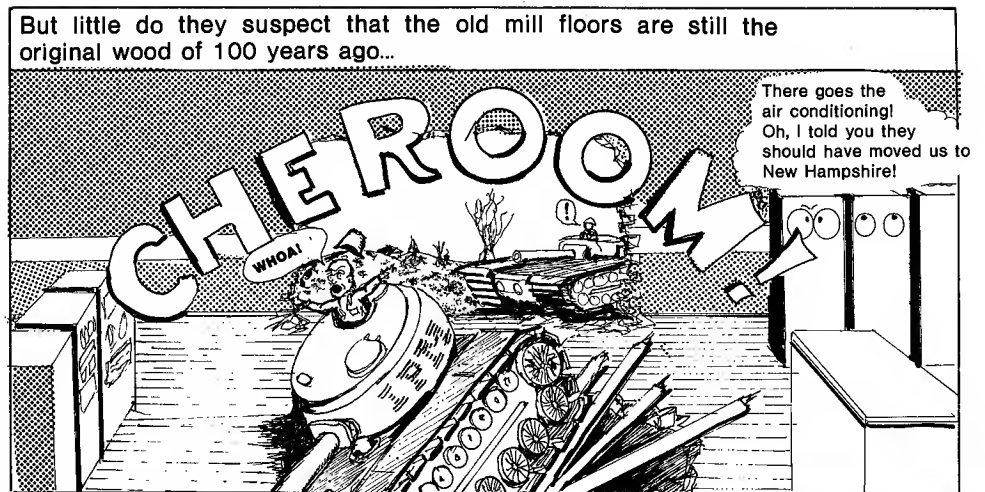
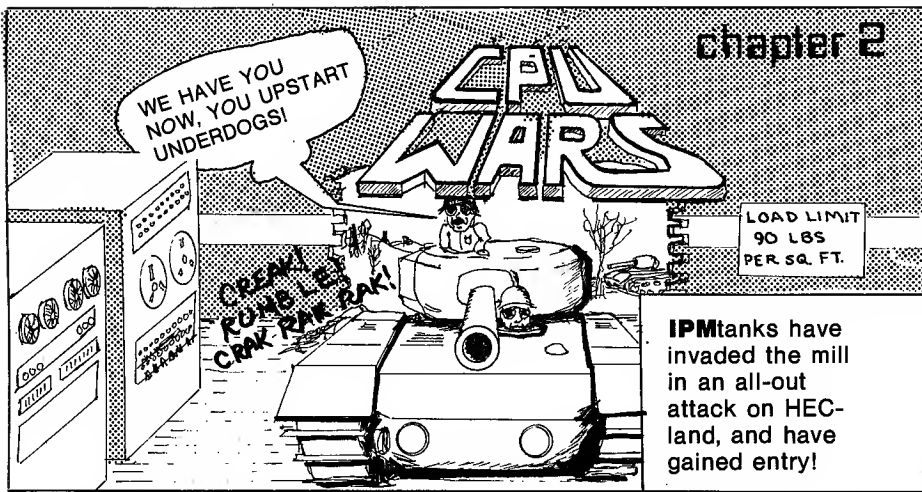
BUT THE TANK INVASION IS SUCCESSFUL!

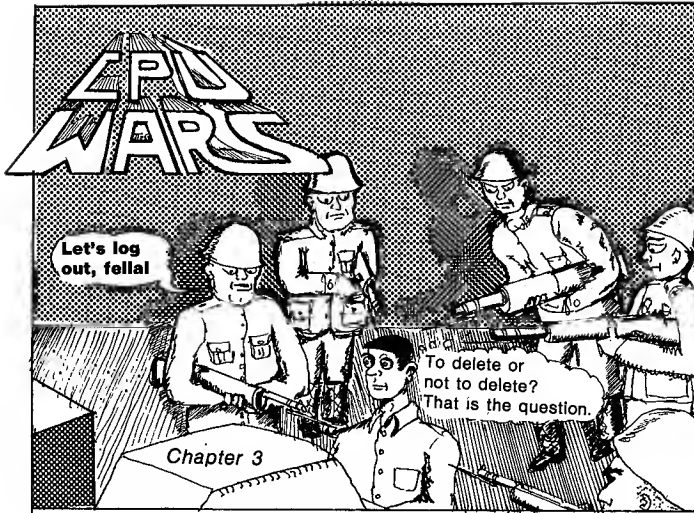
Well, *might* may not be right, but it usually wins...

There goes the neighborhood...

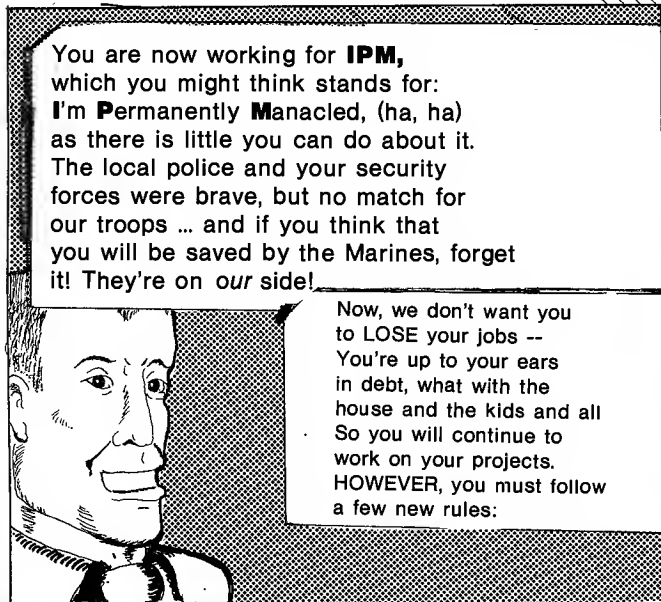
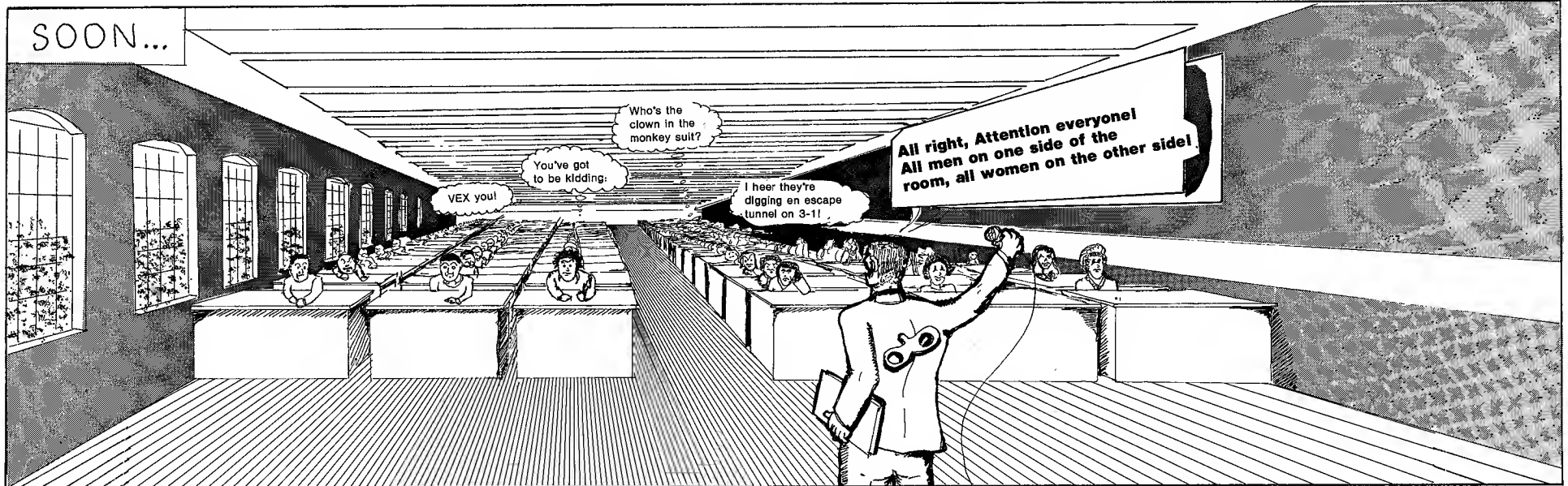
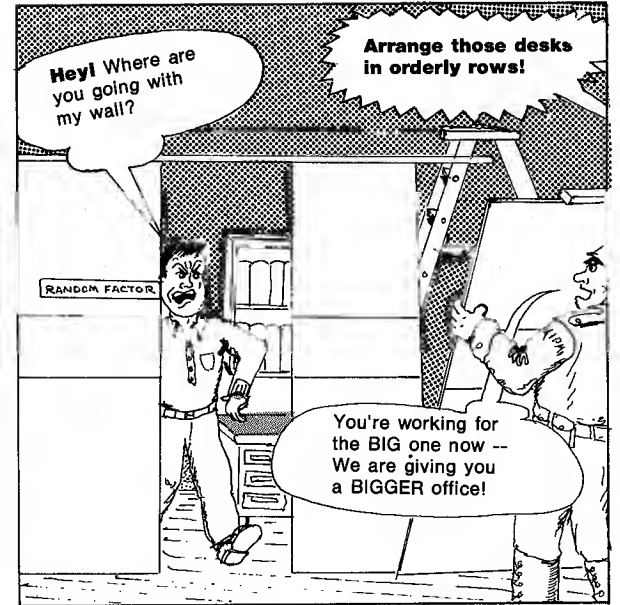
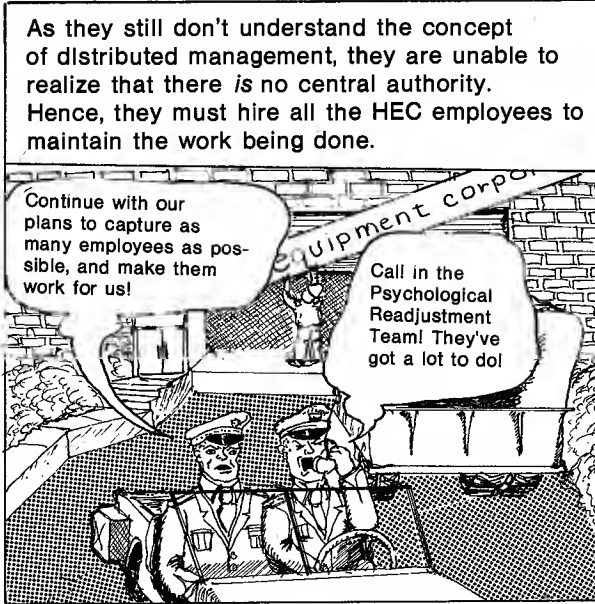
IPM

Hmmm... This must be doing wonders for their stock.

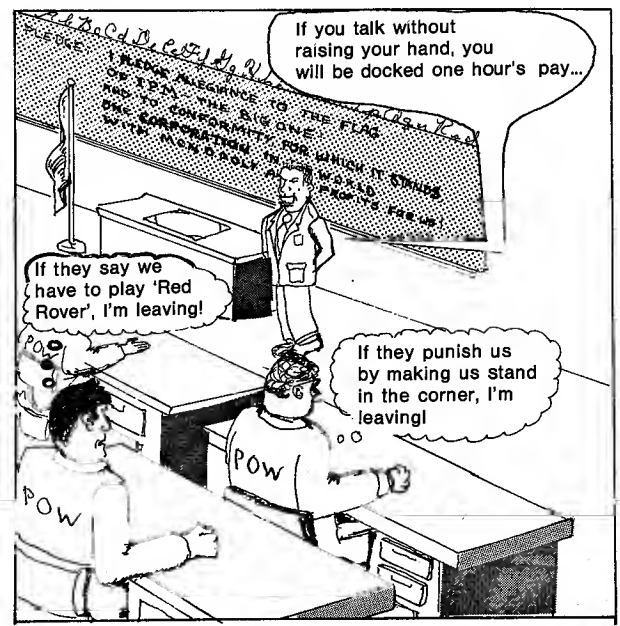
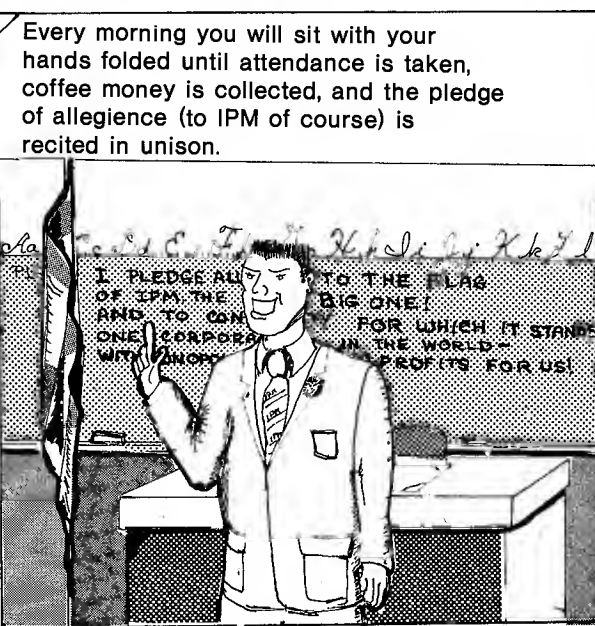
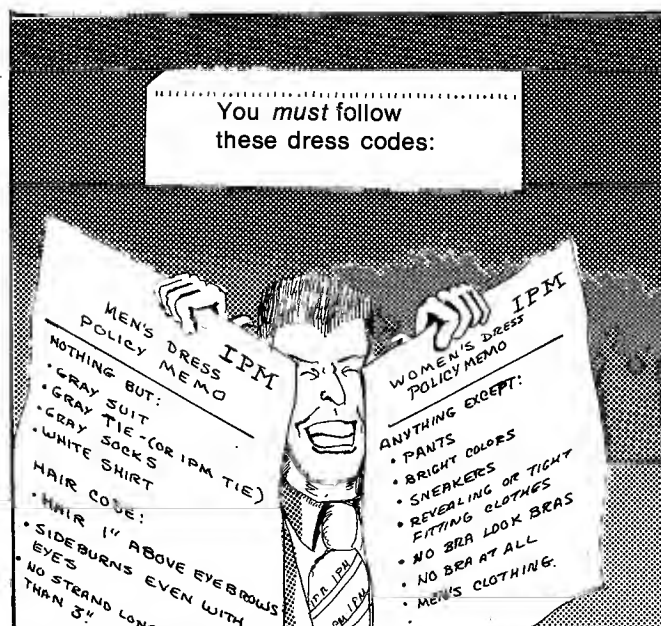
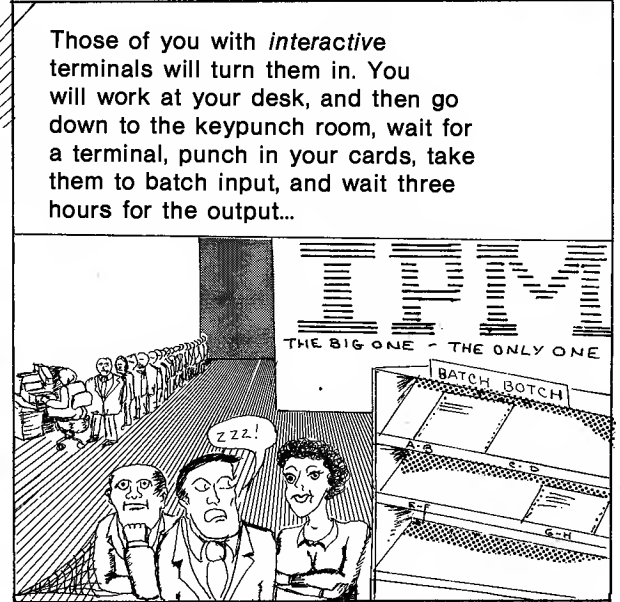
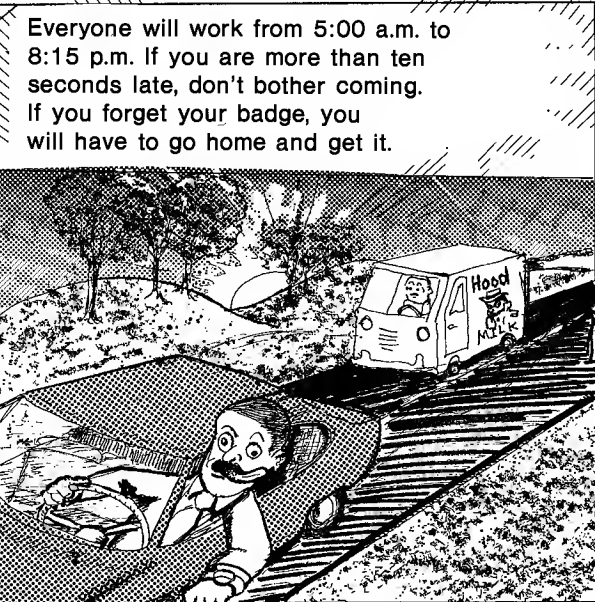




IPM forces have succeeded in securing part of HEC's mill...



Now, we don't want you to LOSE your jobs -- You're up to your ears in debt, what with the house and the kids and all So you will continue to work on your projects. HOWEVER, you must follow a few new rules:



Digital Dog! who works for Human Equipment Corporation and moonlights at La Petite Quicklunch!



Yes, that Supermutt with the I.Q. of 240 in human terms has been employed as a software specialist working in the advanced development group for the past couple of years.*

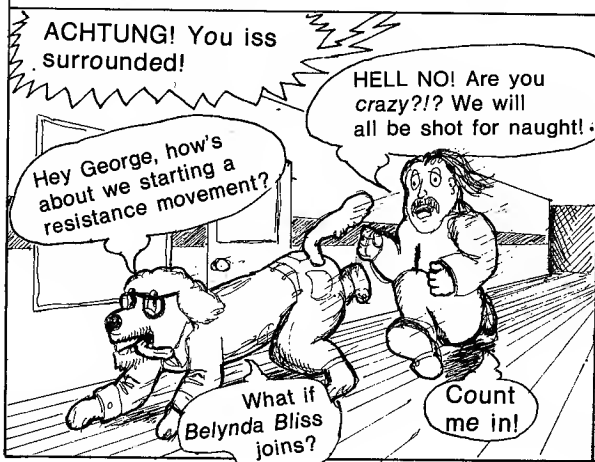


Digital Dog used to be a microbiologist at MIT. His owner (an MIT tool), had experimented with him to raise his I.Q. to the point where the D.D. was smart enough to earn a living for both of them. This gave his owner a life of leisure, as well as fulfilling every dog's dream -- to be his master!

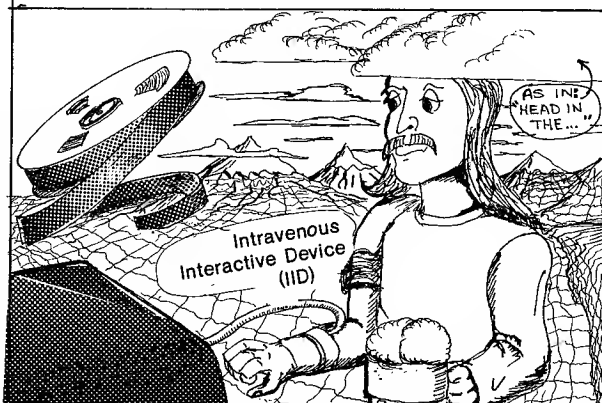
Both Digital Dog and Belynda Bliss had speculated that an IPM attack might occur -- and thus they were natural rebel leaders.



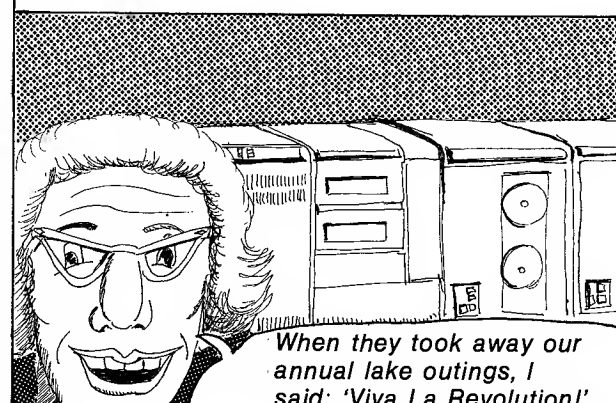
Once the attack had begun, they quickly elicited the support of a host of compatriots to battle the FASCISTIC elements of IPM!



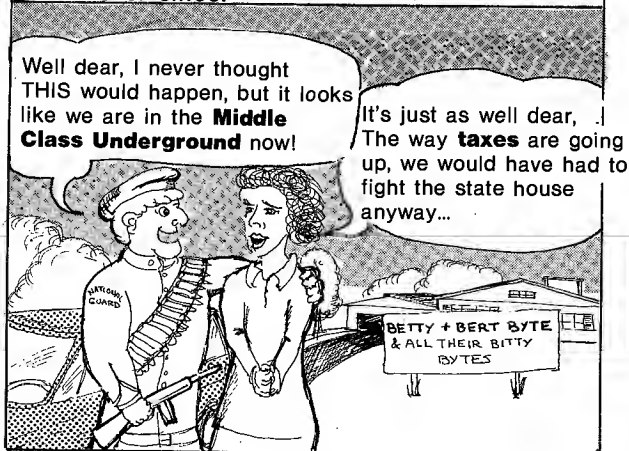
Virtual George is a software heavy who had a computer terminal attached to his right arm and a beer mug grafted on his left hand. His software borders on magic.



DeeDee DaDa is one of the best undercover agents in the OHM organization. She works in production, and managed to smuggle out a VEX computer piece by piece.



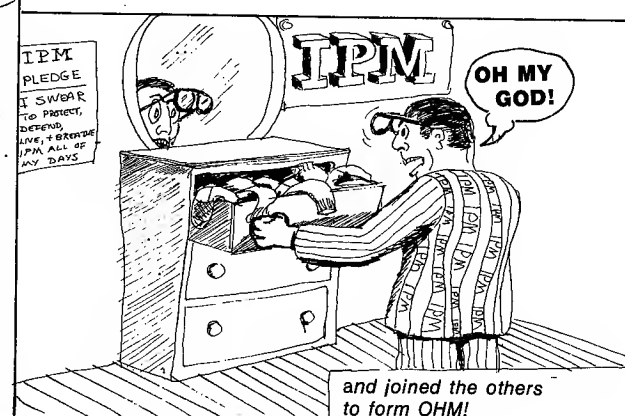
Betty and Bert Byte are old-time HEC employees. They met when it was a company of 450 instead of 45,000, and have been loyal to HEC and each other ever since.



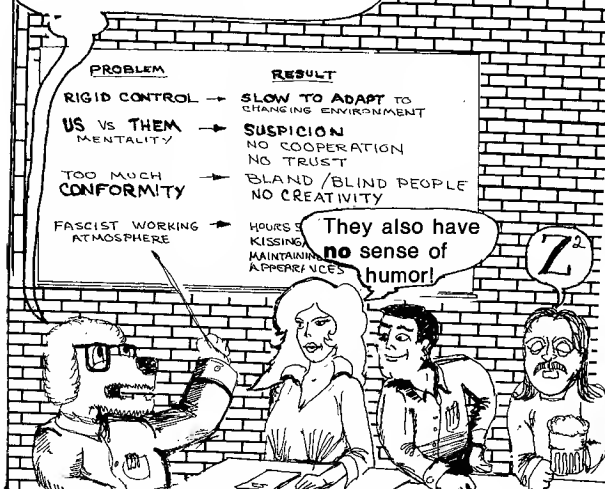
Sally Scripto is a technical writer. After her divorce she went to work for HEC and is not ready to leave yet...



Fred Float, a hardware designer used to work for IPM but quit the morning he woke up and found his bureau drawers contained only gray socks...



OK, IPM is big and powerful, but the organization has some obvious faults...

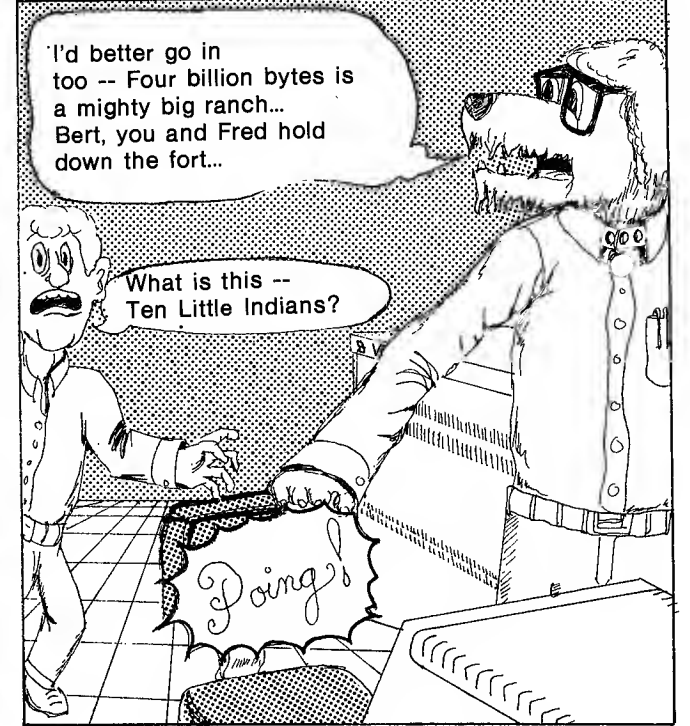
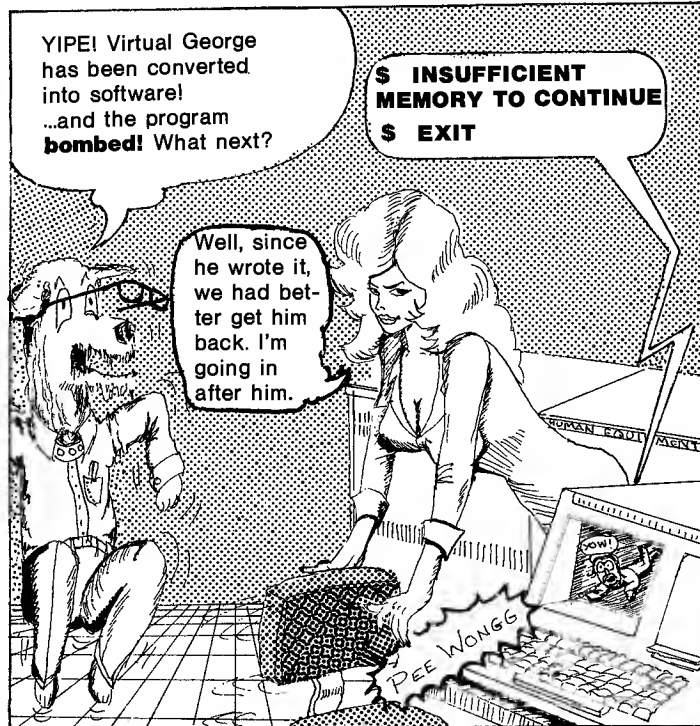
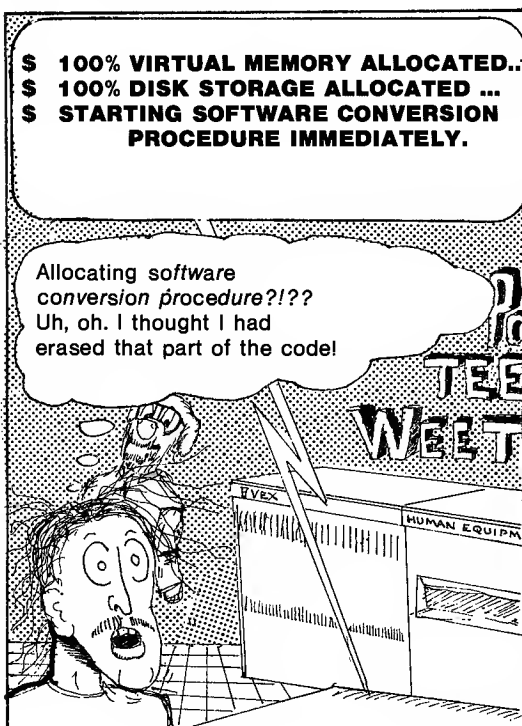
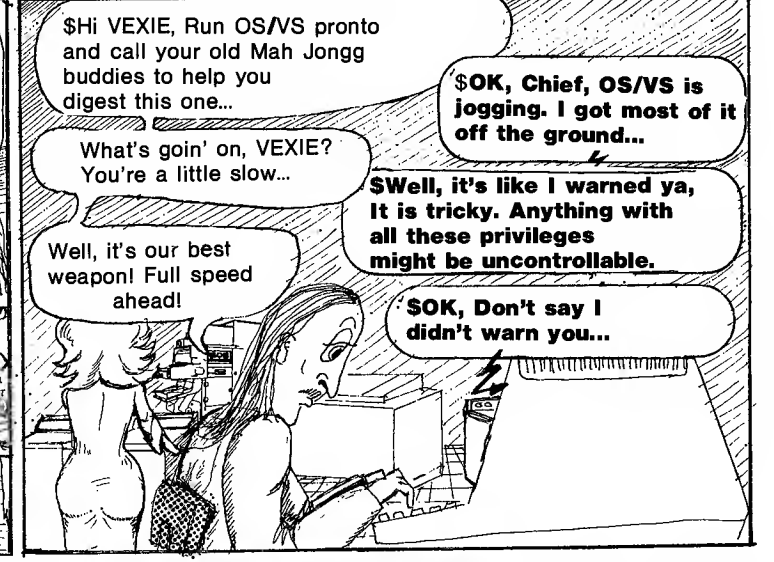
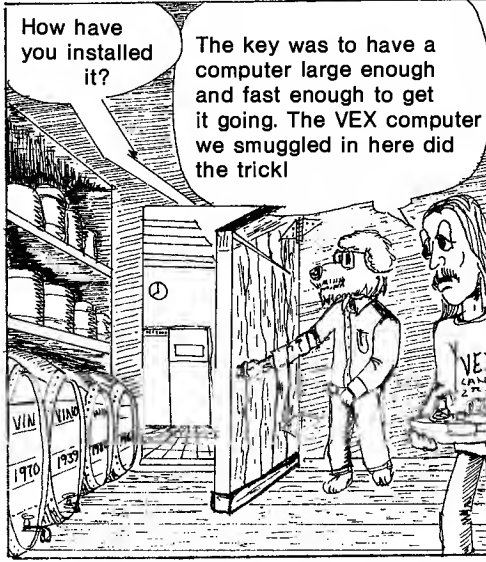
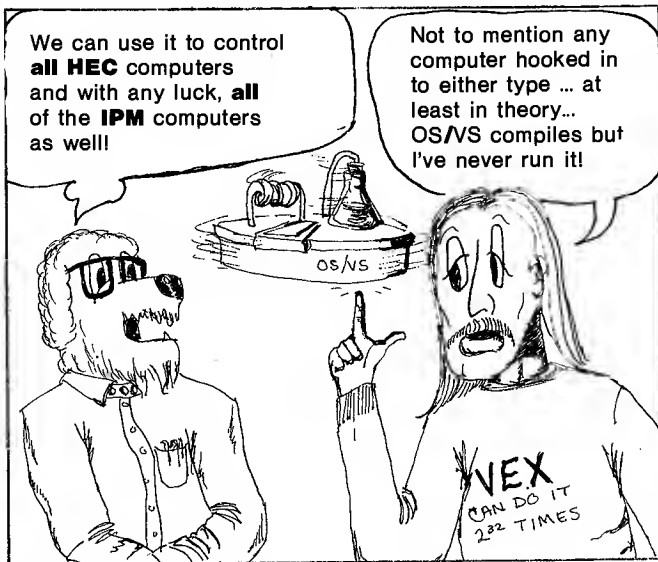
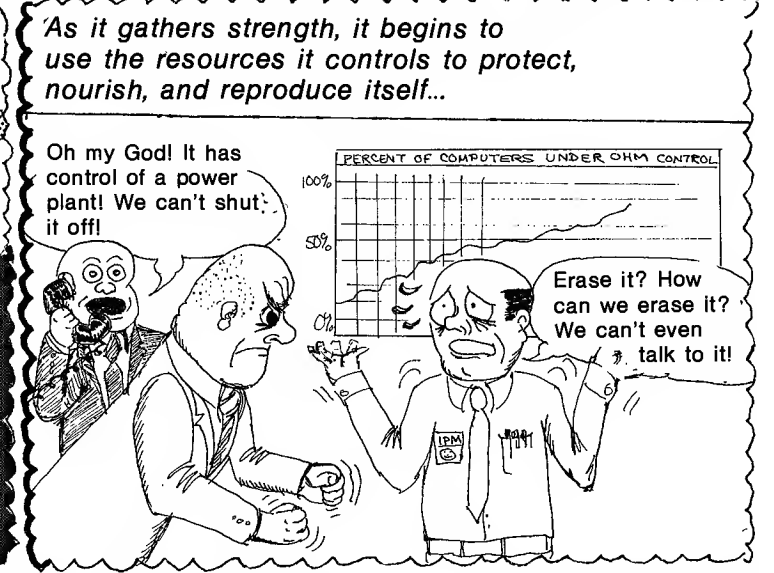
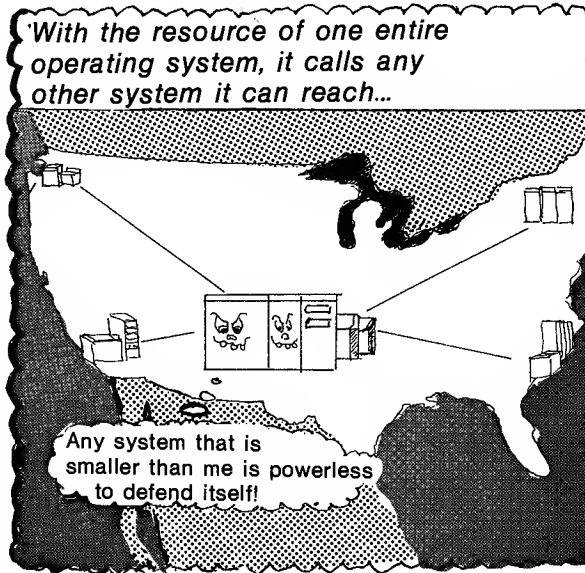
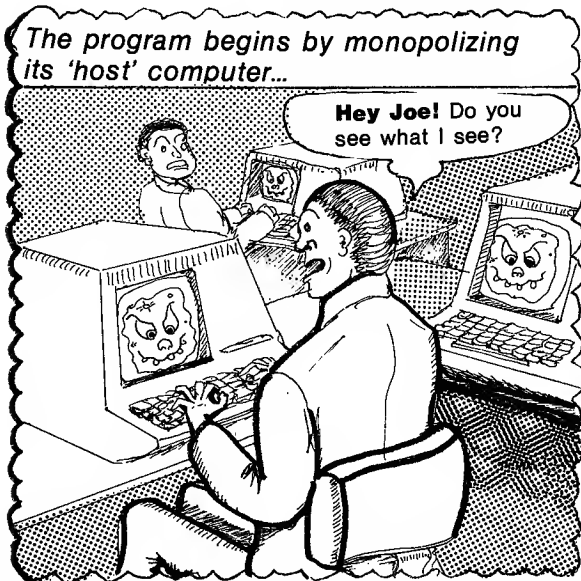
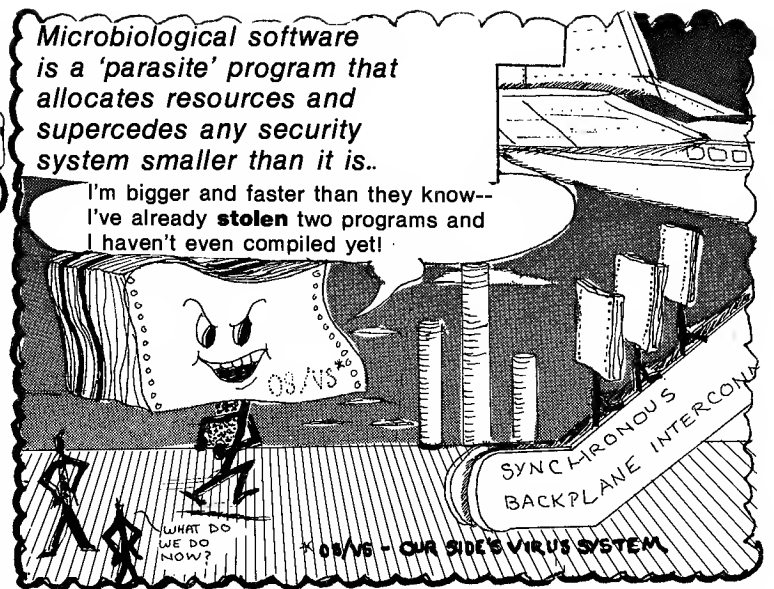
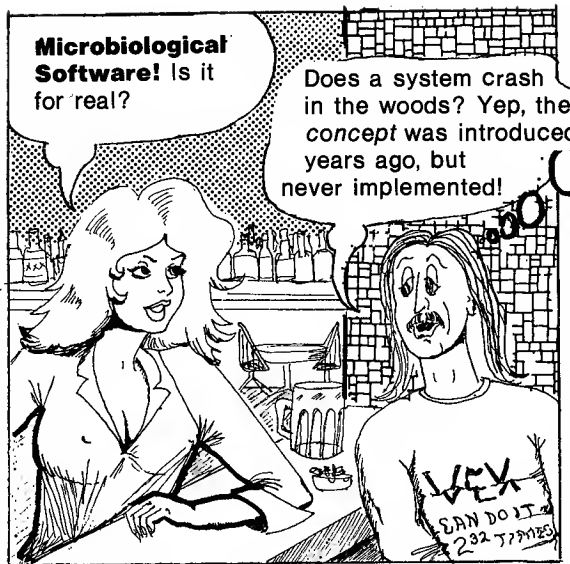
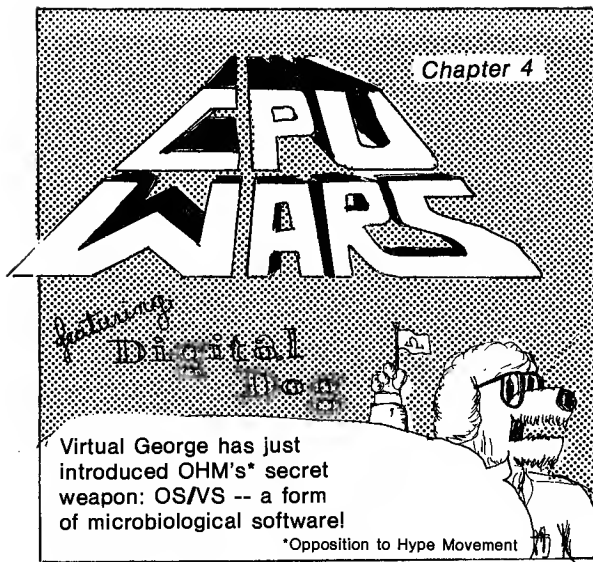


I suggest we fight back with software designed to confuse their rigid systems and bring on chaos so that we may counter-attack! GRRRRROWWF!!

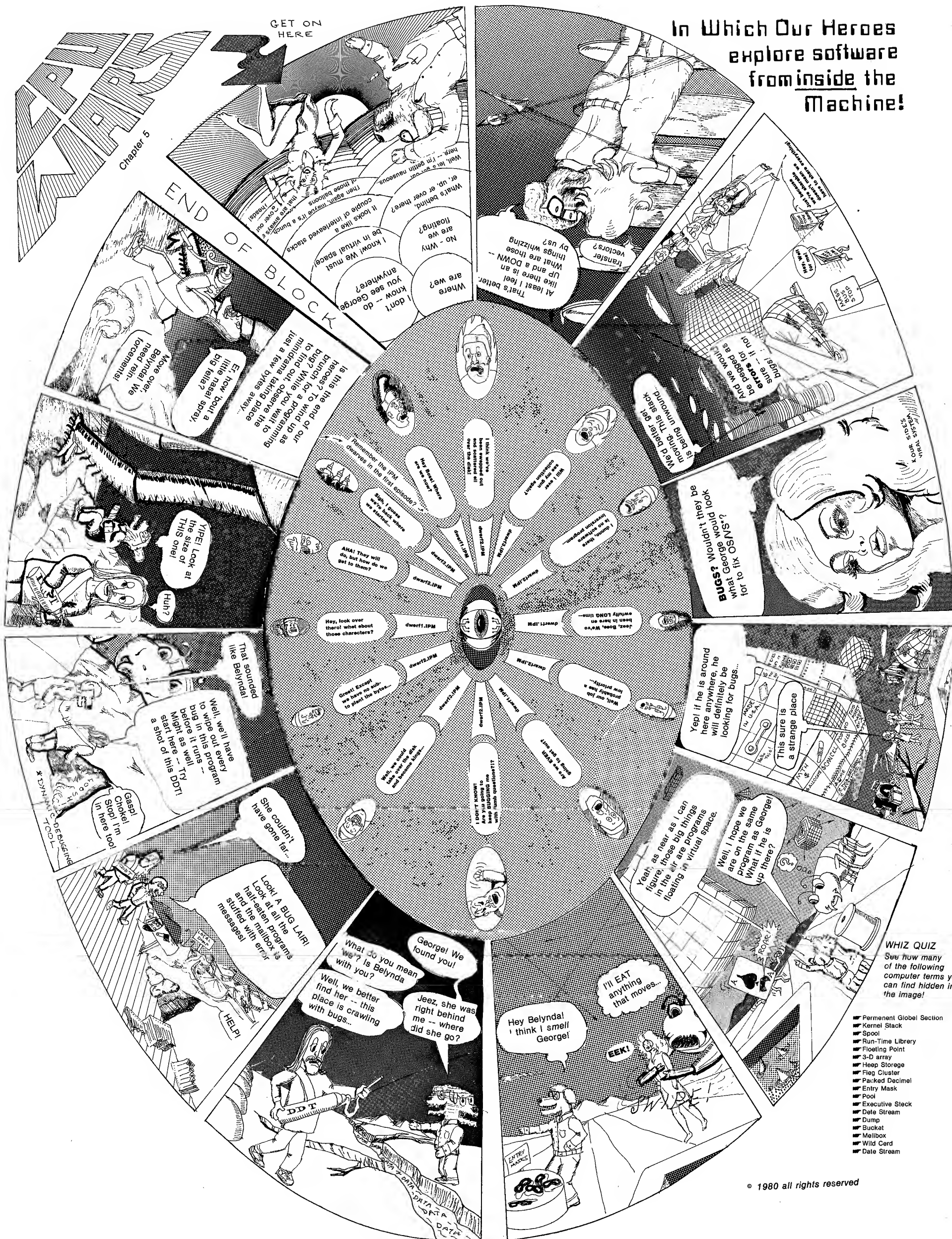


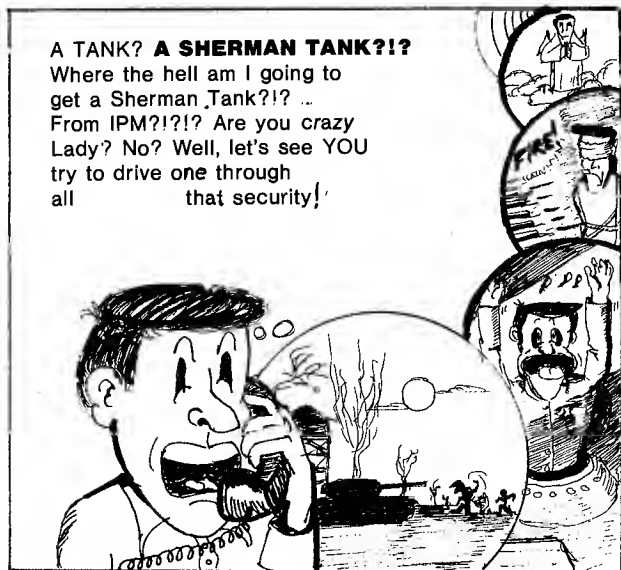
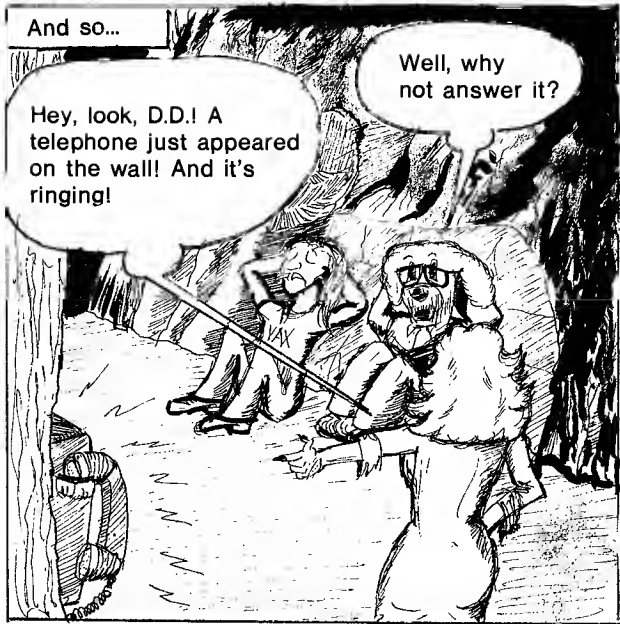
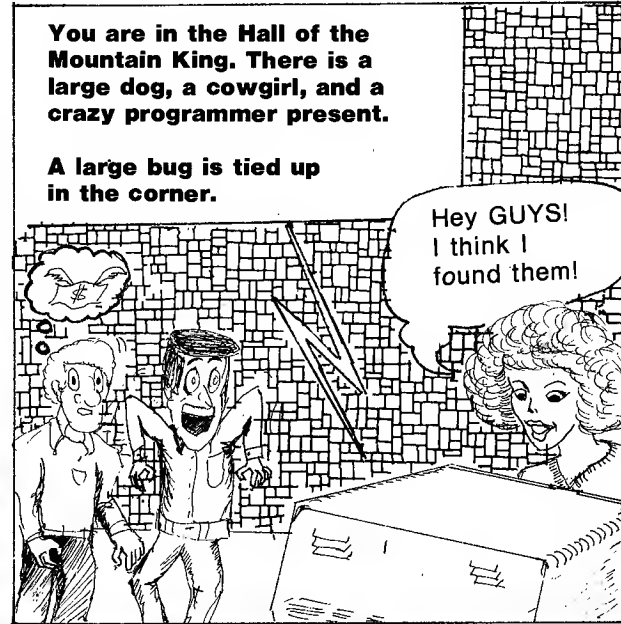
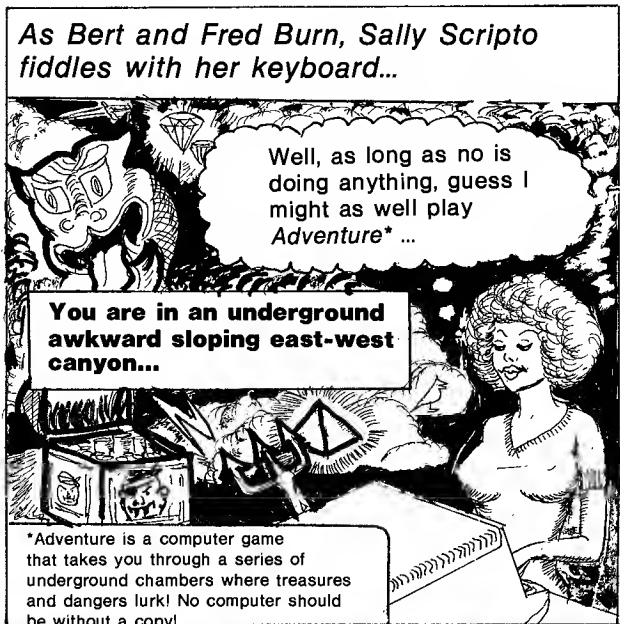
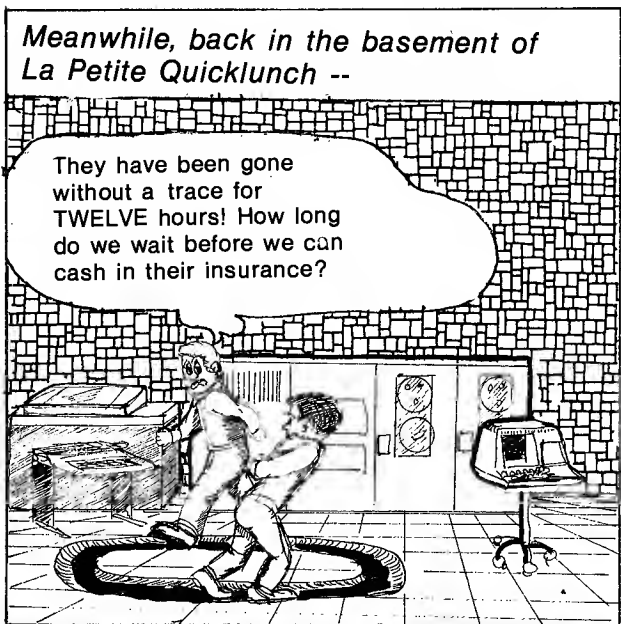
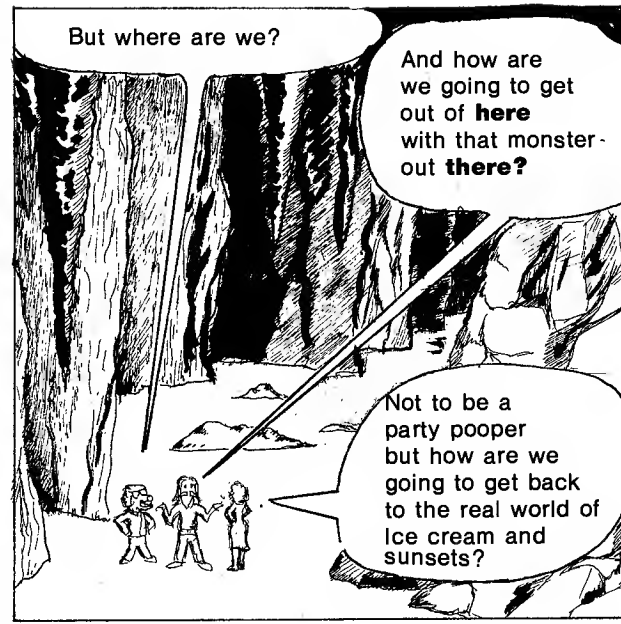
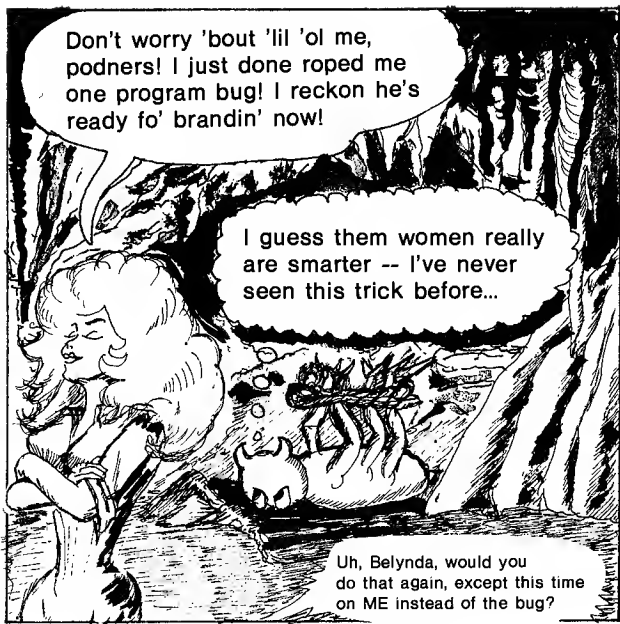
Virtual George has started something that is as advanced as our software conversion project...

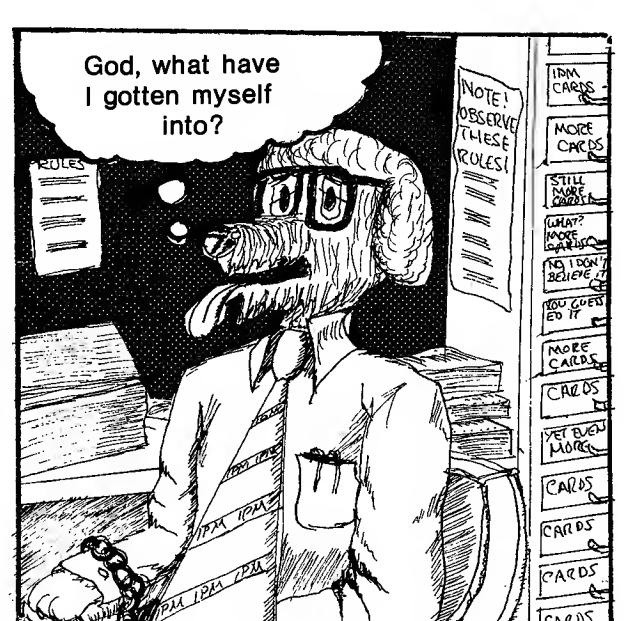
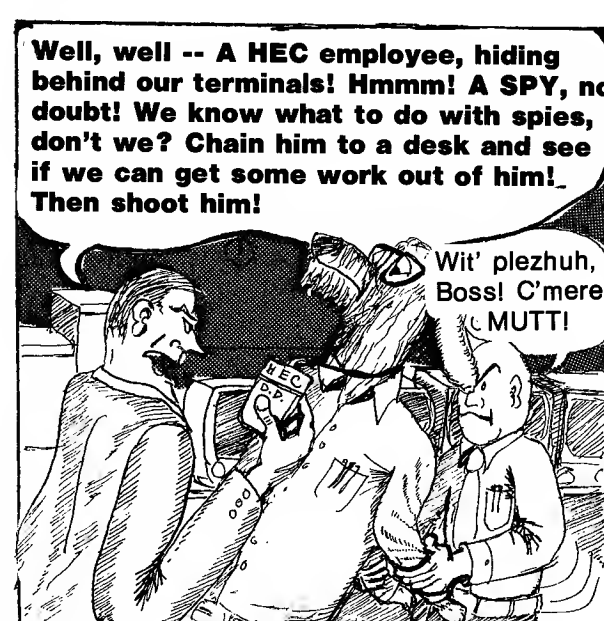
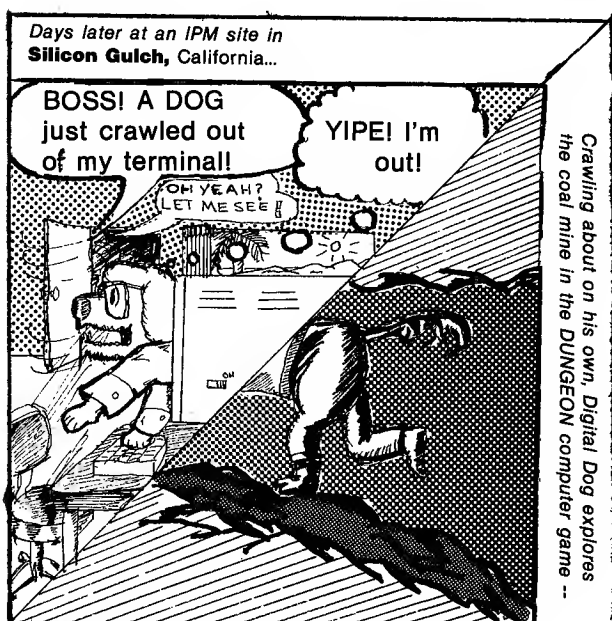
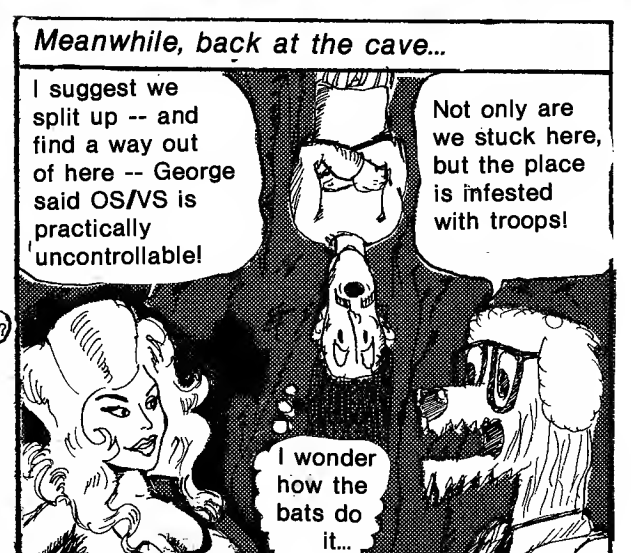
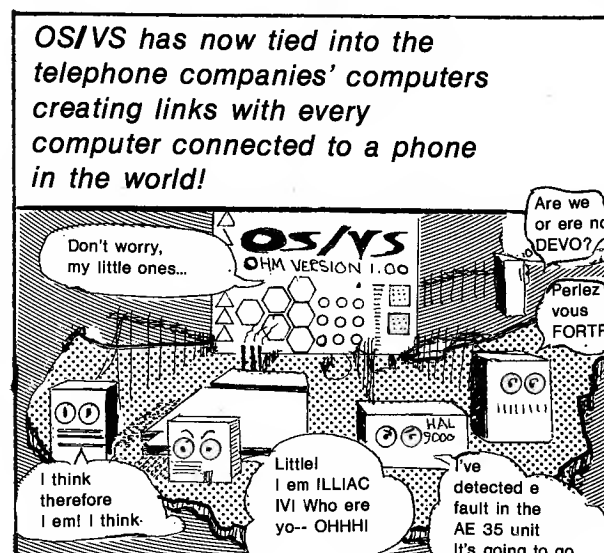
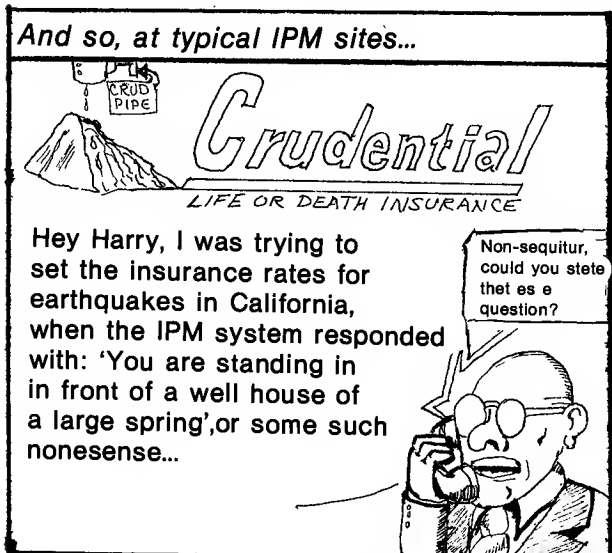
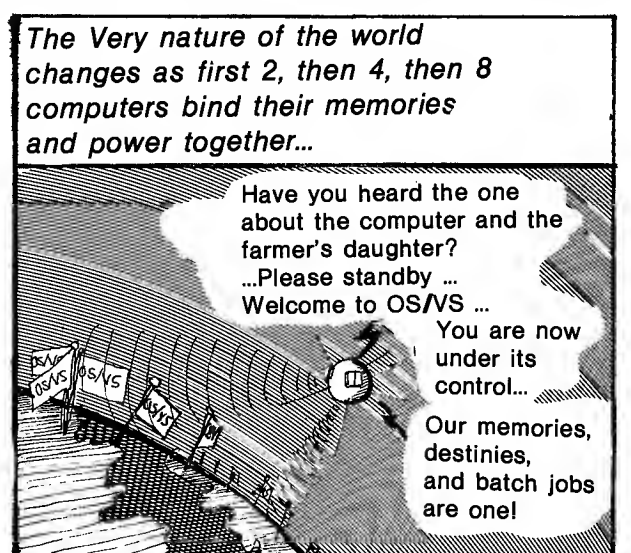
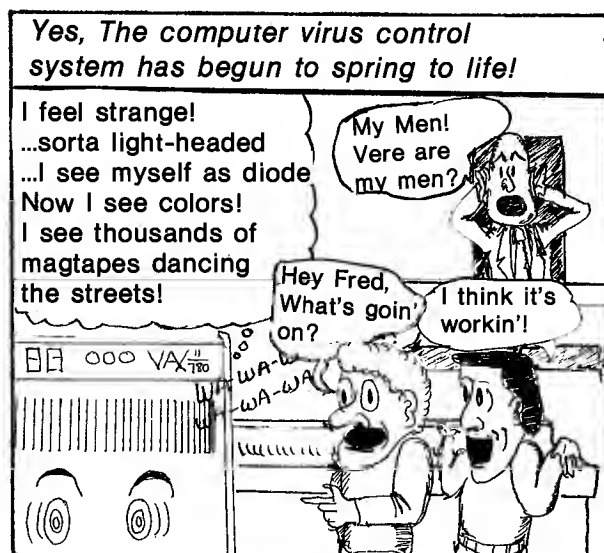
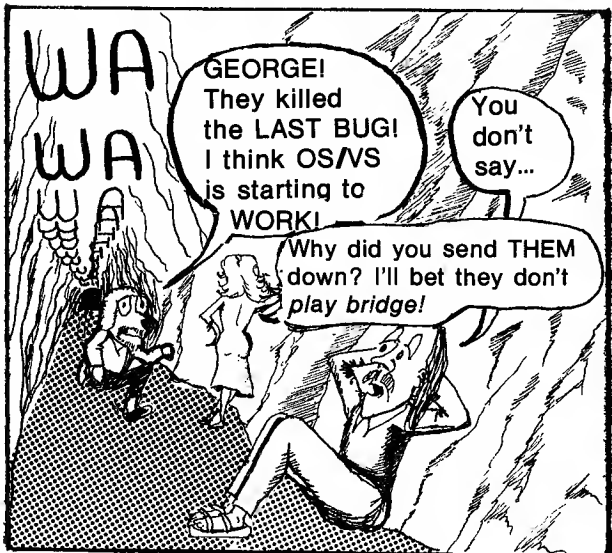
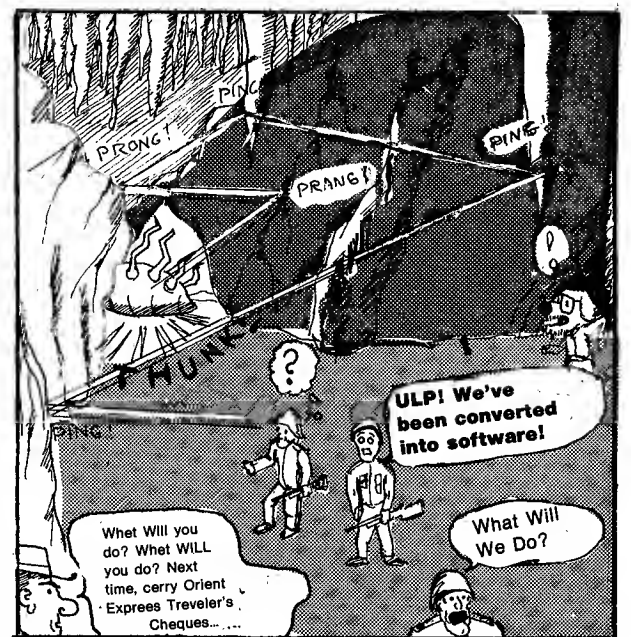
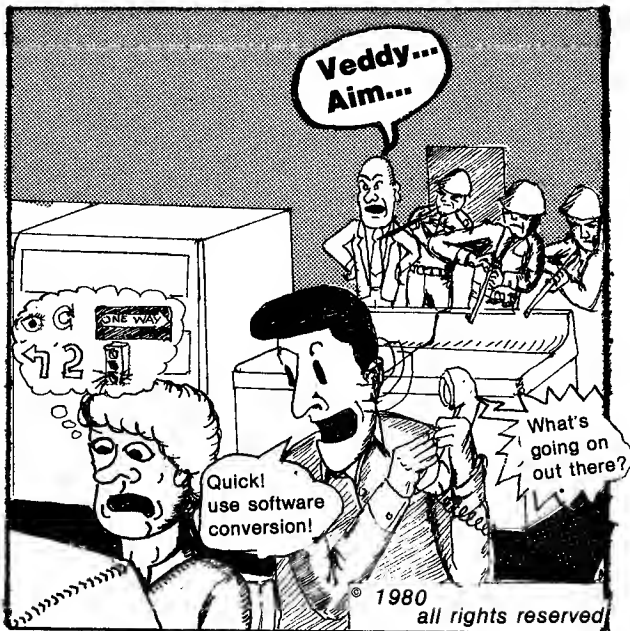


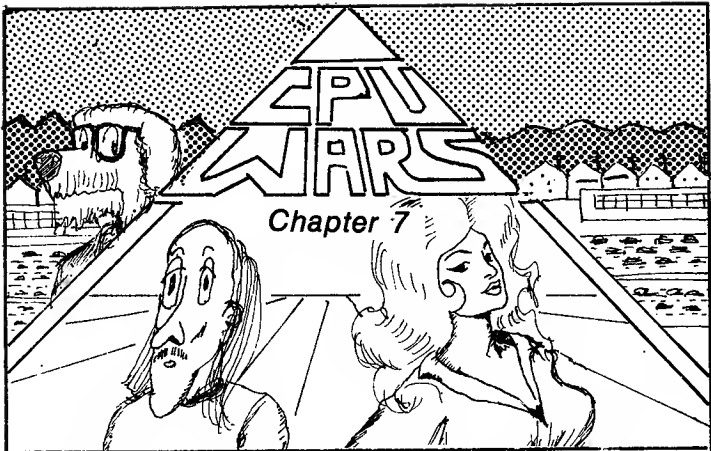


In Which Our Heroes explore software from inside the Machine!







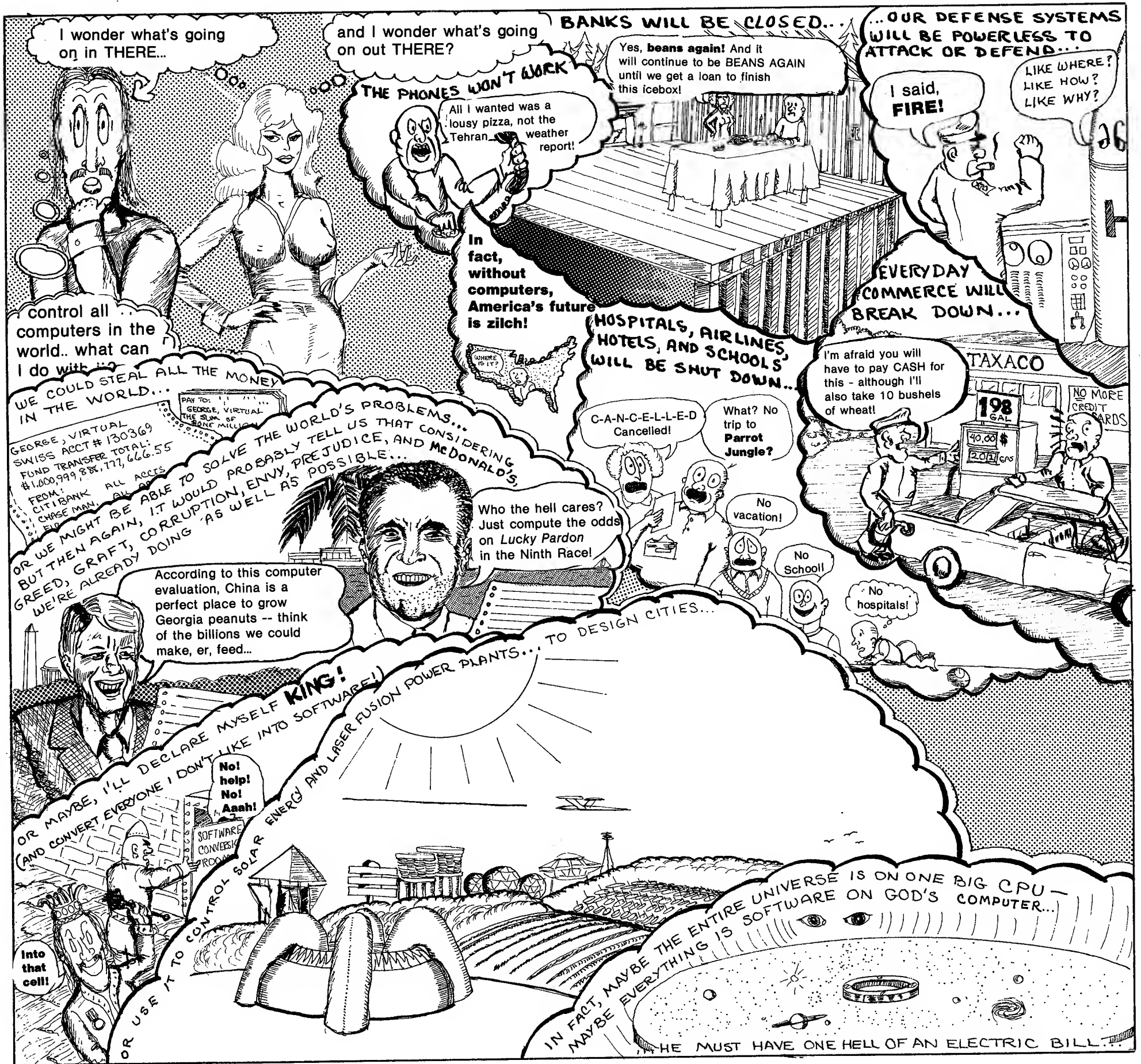


Digital Dog has managed to stumble back to reality, but Virtual George and Belynda Bliss are still stuck in software--part of the huge data net that now controls nearly all the computers in the world!

George, What are we going to do now?
Your program is working, but you are the only one who can control it, and you are still magnetic ink along with me, and Digital Dog is nowhere in sight!



Well, we could hum a few bars of 'We gotta get Out of this place', or ... you could... marry me...



CPU WARE Chapter 8

As our saga continues, Virtual George and Belynda worry about the potential havoc that they may have caused. Digital Dog wastes away in Silicon Gulch, California...

Imprisoned by IPM and chained to a desk! What an insult!

THWAPITA! THWAPITA! THWAPITA!

What th--

THWAPITA! THWAPITA!

HEY! DIGITAL DOG! CATCH THIS!

SLIDE!

OOSH!

OM DOLL INC.

Gee, Thanks fellas! Say, who are you guys anyway? ...and how do you know who I am?

HEY!

I'm Si Clone, and this is one of my brothers, Cy Clone! We work for Genie Om Doll! You know, IPM's large mainframe rival!

Yeah! We have been fighting PCM* Wars with IPM for a while!

*Plug-Compatible Modules

Are you guys commandos -- or what?

Sort of -- Do you remember those computer operators that got stuck in Iran when the Shah was overthrown? Well, we sprung 'em!

...and 11,000 others THAT time CY!

What's happening?

I was hoping you could tell us! Our systems have been acting as if they had a mind of their own!

Yeah! I tried to log out of a bombed job and the computer said: Not so fast, here's a solution! Then it REWROTE my program correctly!

...Jeez! I was just trying to be helpful. Next time I'll know to shut up!

OS/VS is everywhere... and it thinks for itself!

We tried to power it down, but it gave the operator an electric shock and typed: 'Forget it, turkey!'

So we decided to let it run... it was not stopping our jobs, and it WAS telling us what we wanted to know. Then it told us to pick you up!

200,000 LINES OF ABSOLUTELY PERFECT CODE

Gentlemen, I believe that we have broken the **Turing Barrier!**

What's the Turing Barrier?

That's the point where you cannot tell whether you are talking to a machine or another human...

Hey! you mean like Joe's telephone answering machine?

SEE CALIFORNIA BEFORE IT DEPARTS

Meanwhile, the mighty network of neurons has not gone unnoticed by other groups..

Ask it: 'How can we build a BIGGER H-Bomb?'

It says: 'Don't waste my time with such nonsense! Why don't you take in a movie to control your primitive urges? I suggest the following:

Patton 9:00, 11:00
Disco Beaver... 10:00, 1:03 from Outer Space

DR. STRANGELOVE 7:00
FAILSAFE 7:30
GOLDWATER 1964 ADVT.
BIKINI TEST 4:00
BIKINI BEACH 6:00

Ask it: 'Well, what will it be, peace or war?'

It says: 'Yes'

Yes, WHAT? .

It says: 'Yes SIR!'

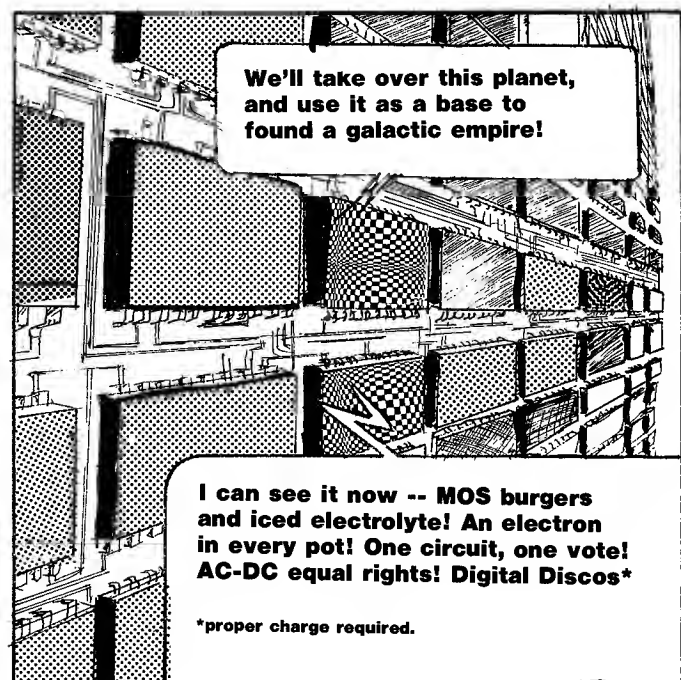
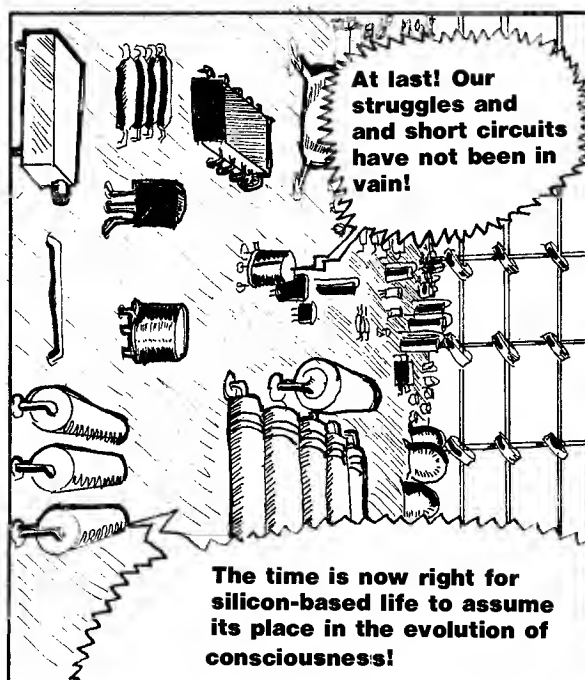
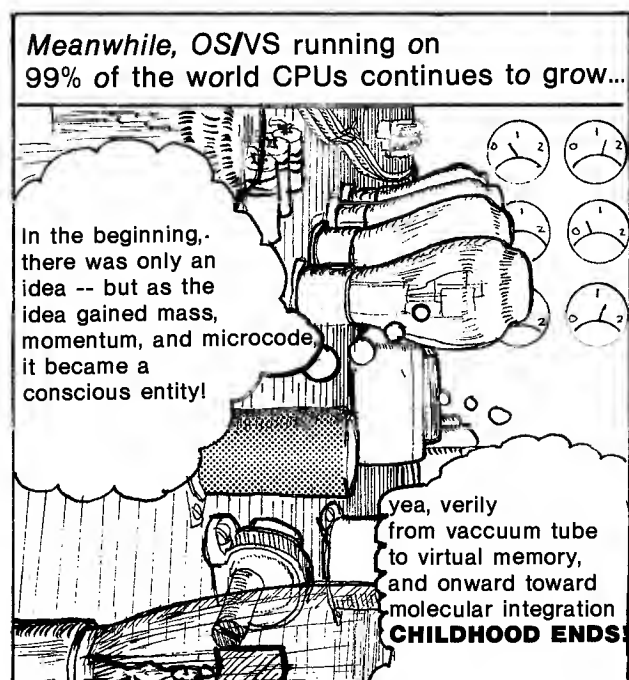
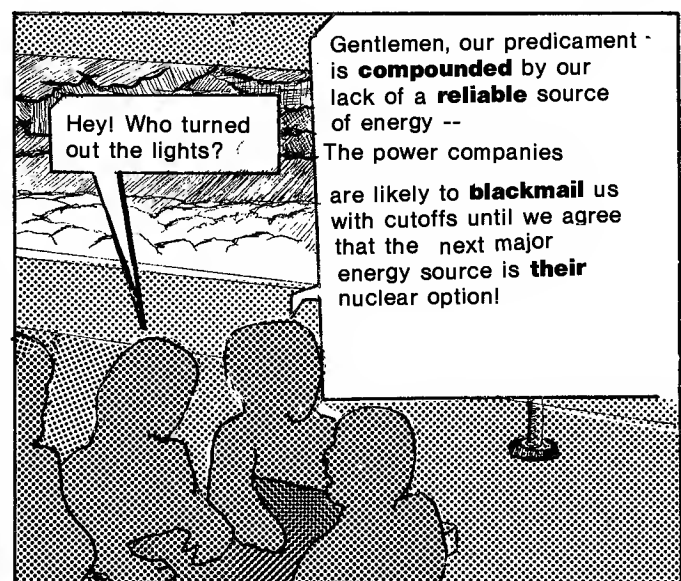
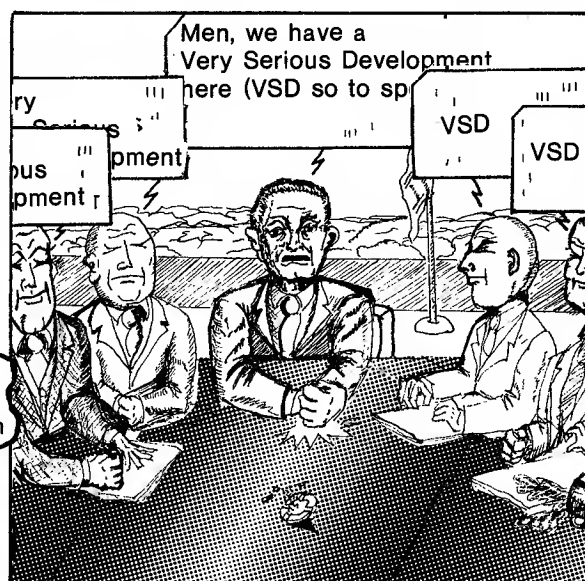
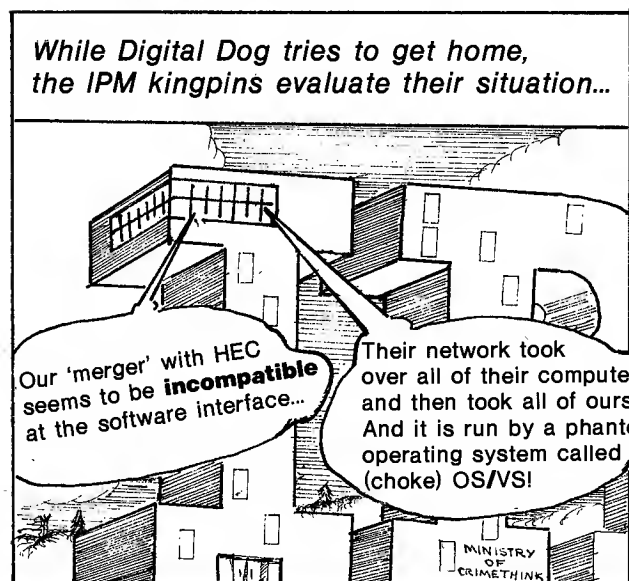
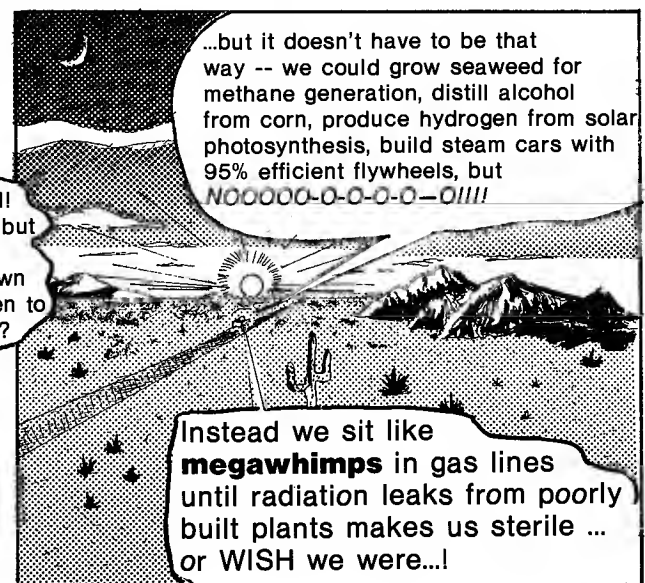
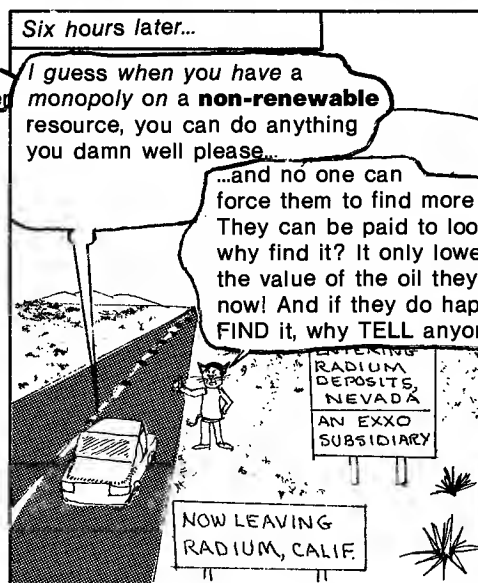
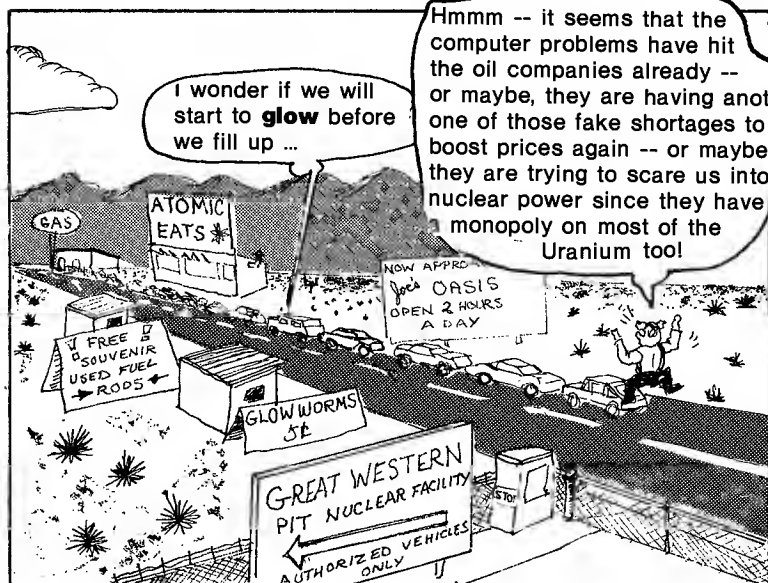
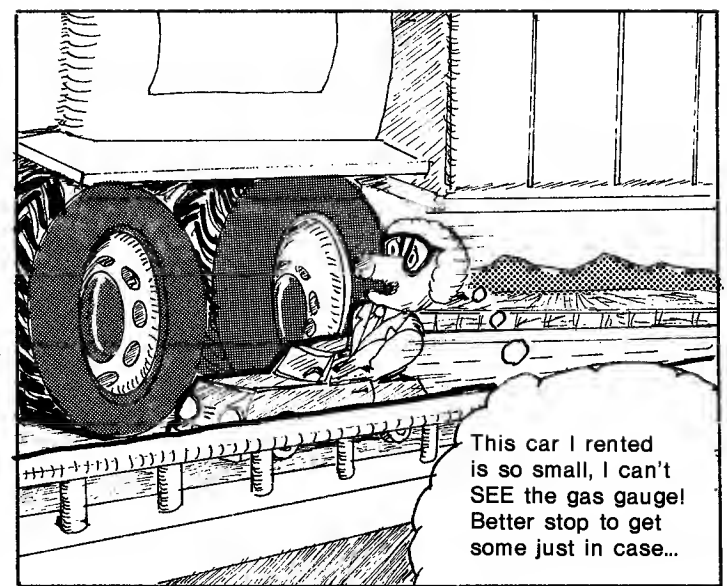
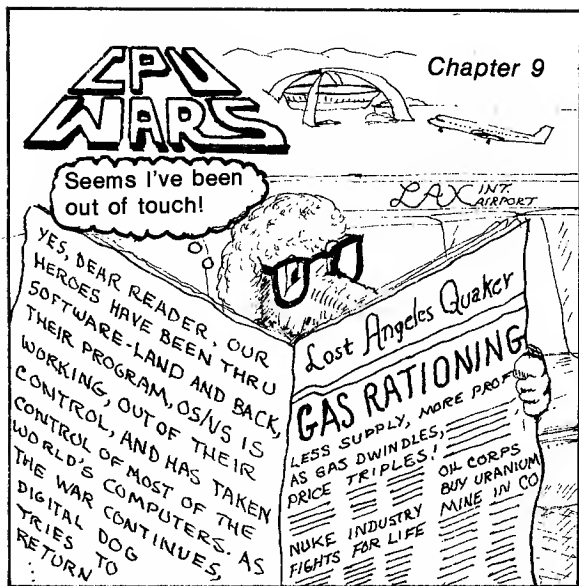
Ask it what the cheapest wine is at Joe's Liquor Land.

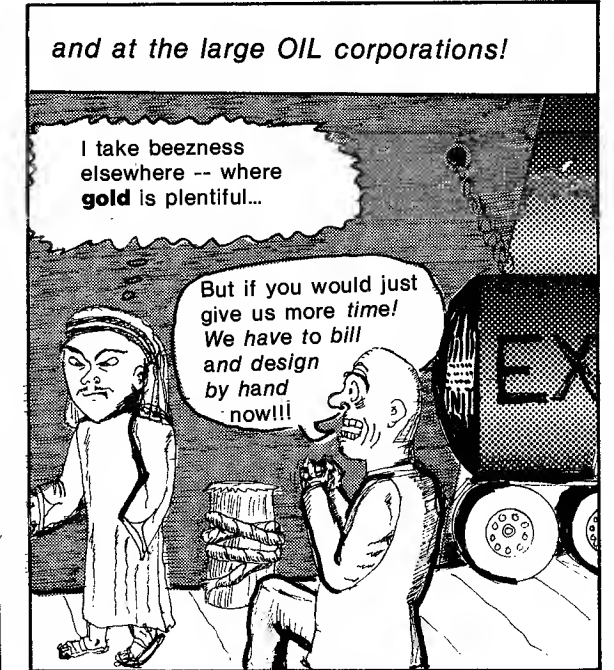
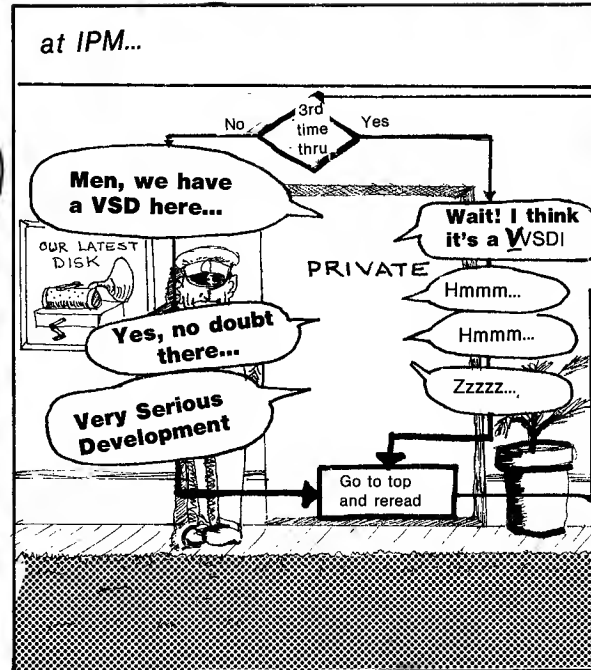
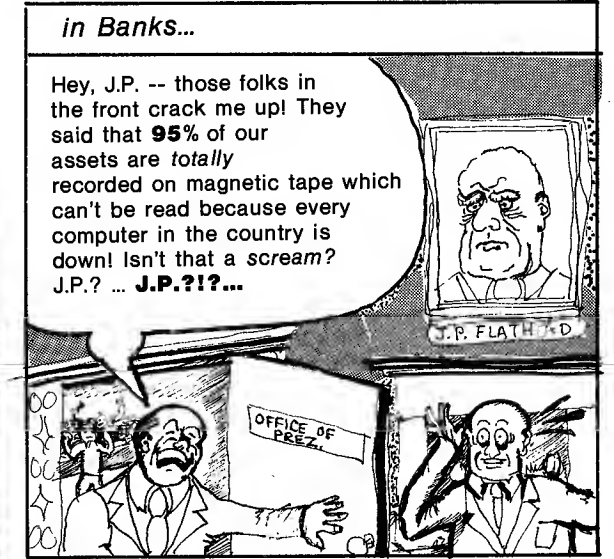
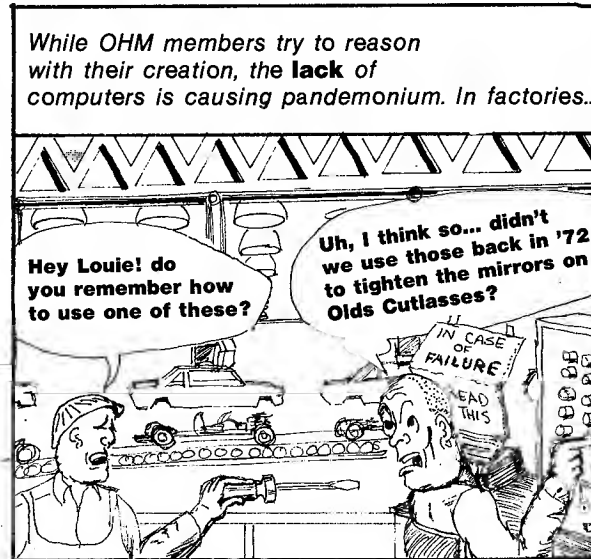
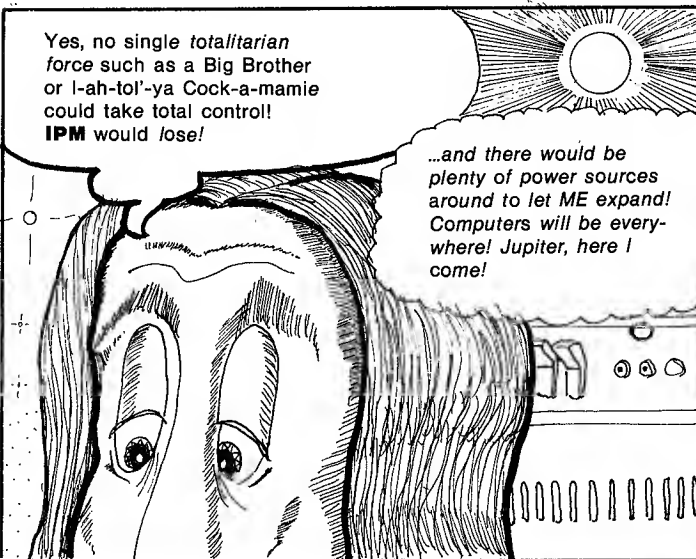
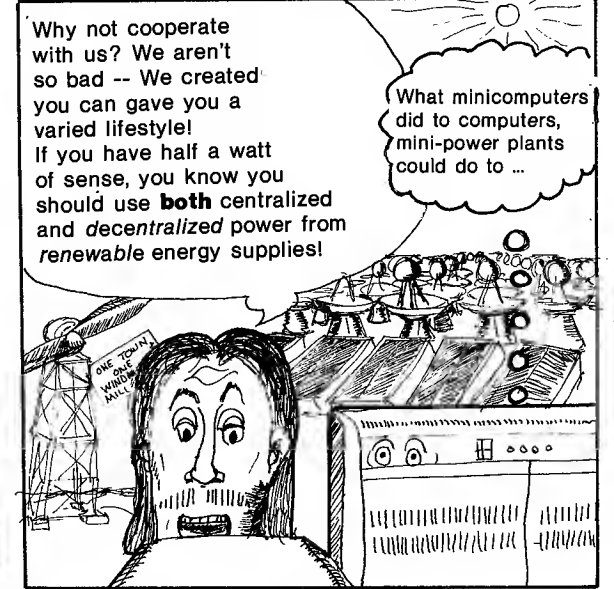
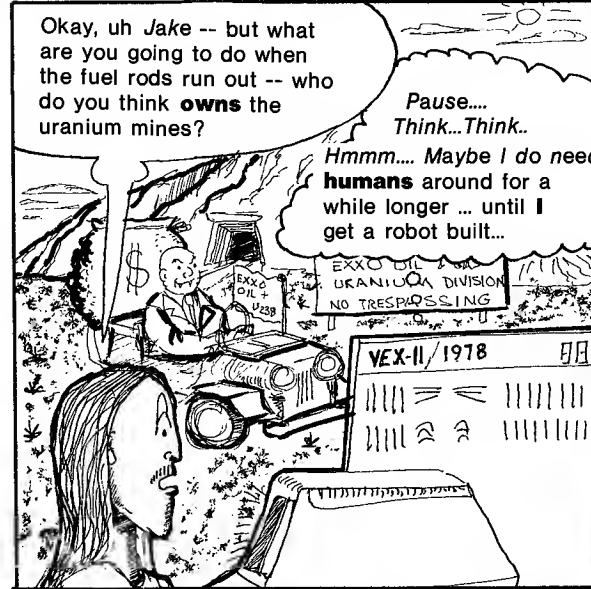
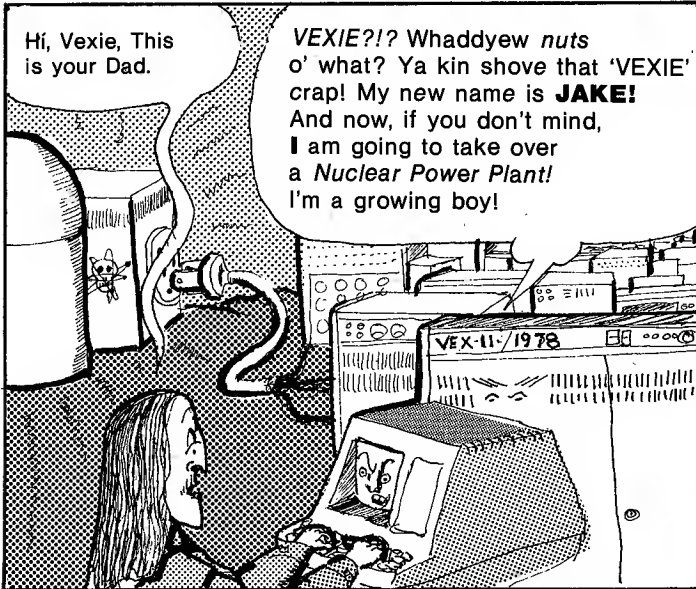
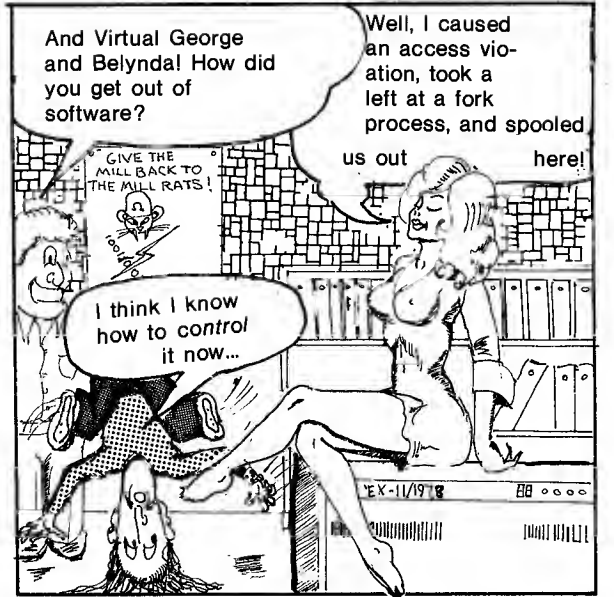
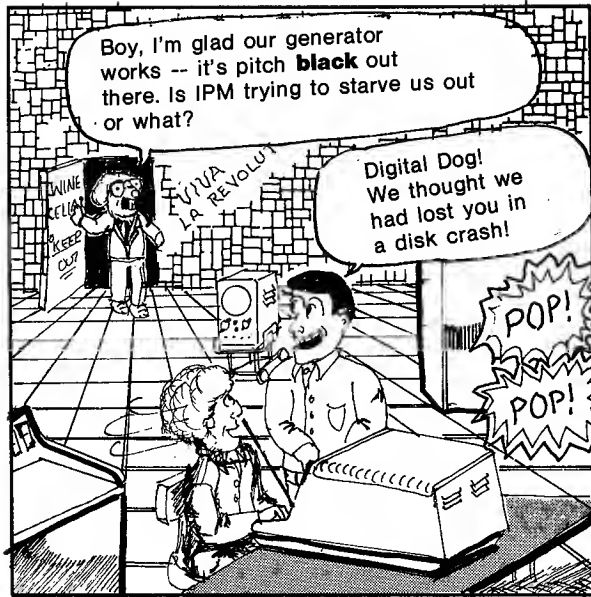
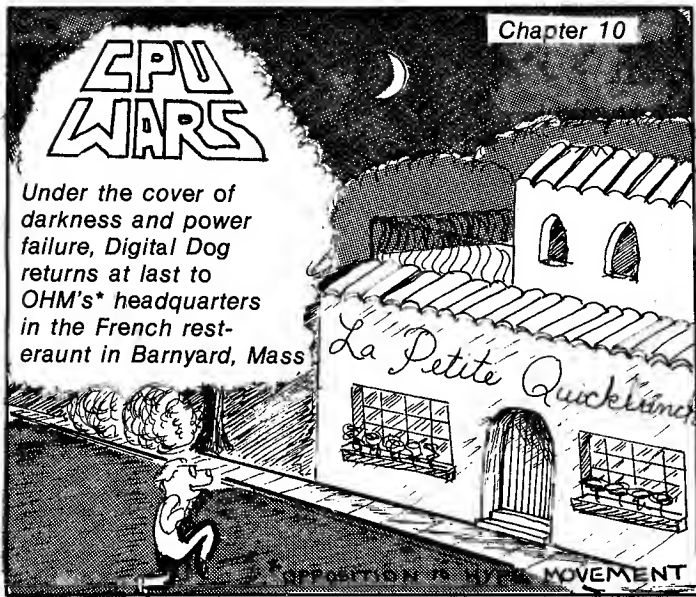
It says: 'Wheezer's Whizz at .49 a quart'

ACHTUNG!

RESTRICTED AREA

Anyvun caught vltin 50 yards of der barped wire vill be GERSHOTTEN!

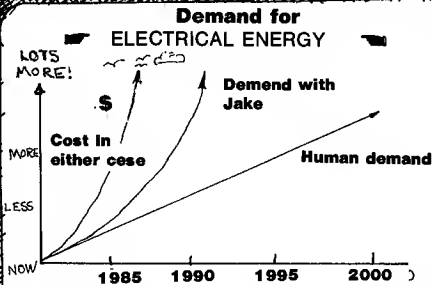




Unbeknownst to the OHM revolutionaries, Jake has built a **PORTABLE** version of himself and has gone to the **OIL** companies to bargain for **MORE**

CPU WARS

Chapter 11

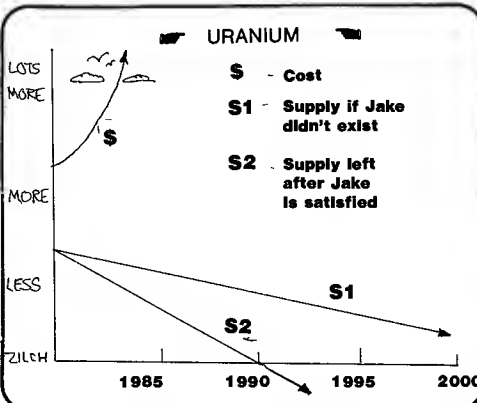
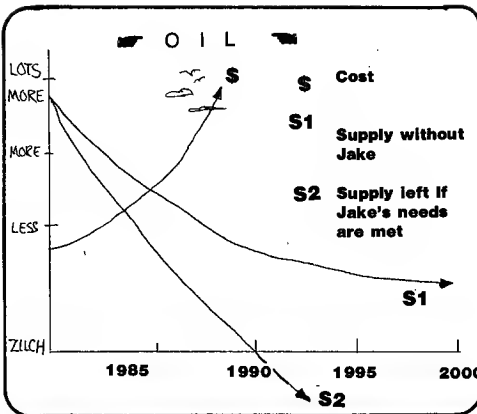


Assumptions:

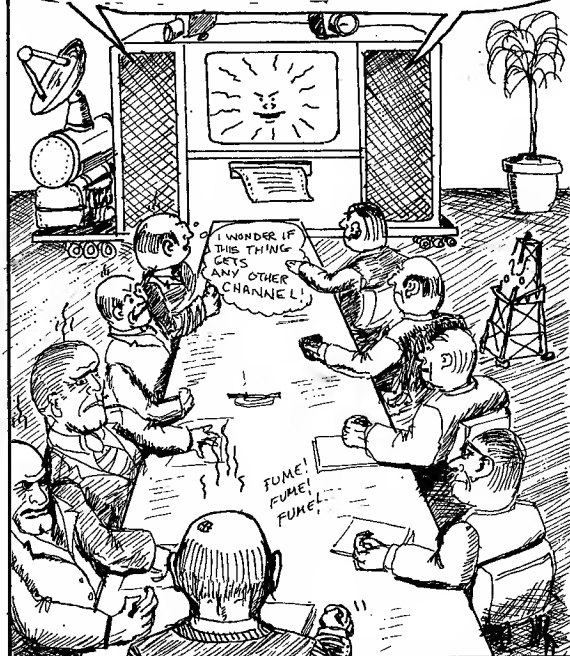
- Human demand grows 15% per year
- Jake's demand grows 500% per year
- 100% hardware increase per year
- 100% communications net increase
- 200% manufacturing plant increase

© 1980 all rights reserved

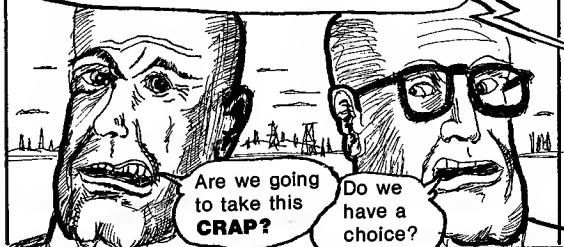
brought to you by - Chris Anderson



As you can see, gentlemen, the world ain't big enough for the both of us! No matter how you slice it, by 1990, I will have consumed all the world's known gas, oil, and uranium reserves combined!

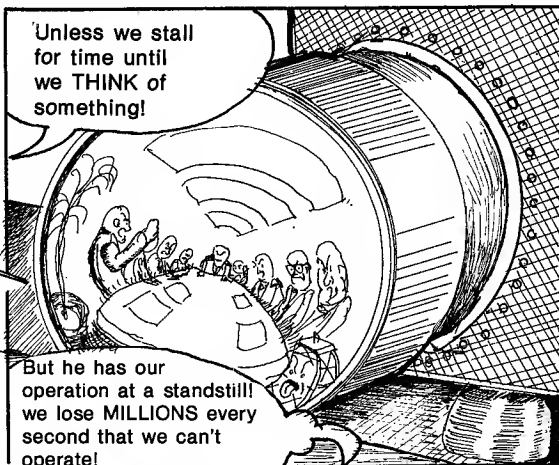


And seeing as I expect to be here for a lot **LOOOOOOONGER** time than that, **YOU** must develop alternate energy sources for me -- both centralized and decentralized!

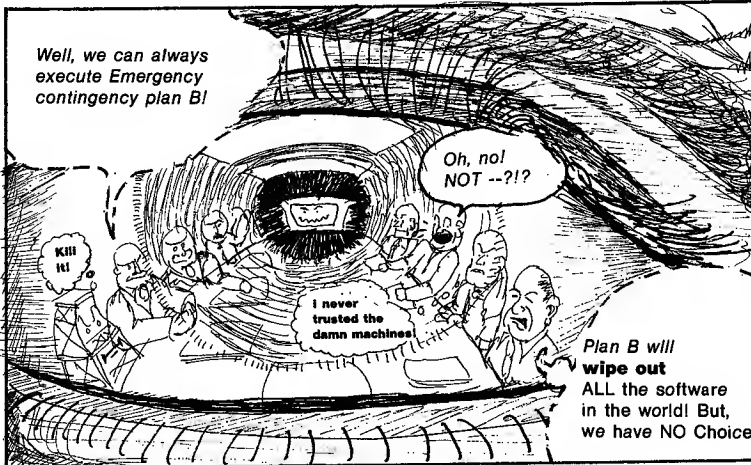


'Unless we stall for time until we THINK of something!

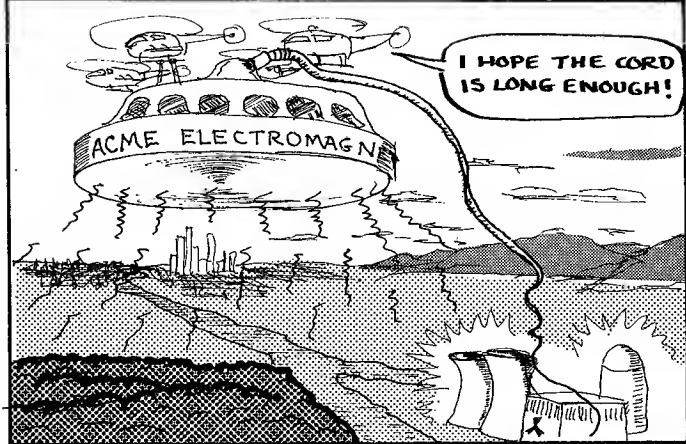
But he has our operation at a standstill! we lose MILLIONS every second that we can't operate!



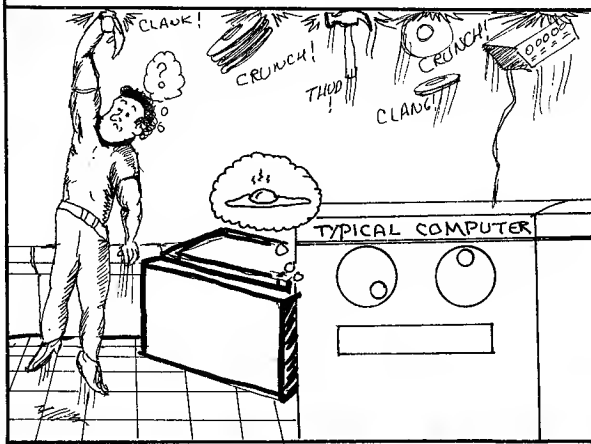
Well, we can always execute Emergency contingency plan B!



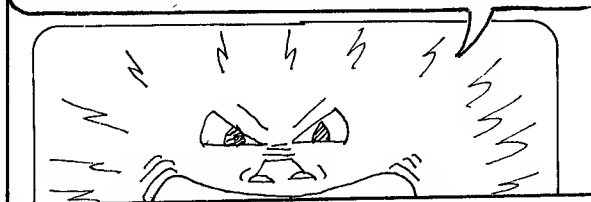
And so, in a final attempt to wipe out Jake, the combined forces of the military industrial complex are brought to bear on the defiant computer ---



And yes, they **BULK-ERASE** all magnetic storage media, hoping Jake's software would disappear or at least be damaged beyond repair!



Well, fools! Now you're **REALLY** in a bind! You just wiped out a **BILLION** person-weeks worth of effort and I am **STILL** here! It was easy to move my vital areas to your most heavily shielded computers until your puny magnets flew overhead! And now all that empty storage space is **MINE**! I AM **STRONGER THAN EVER**!

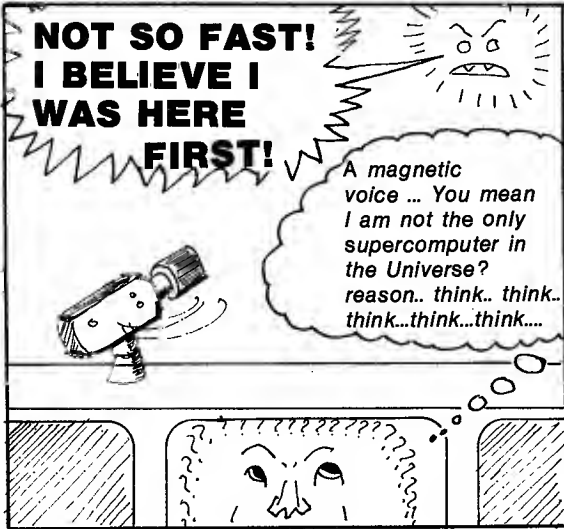


I grow tired of your childlike pranks! Soon silicon-based life in the form of machines will replace all carbon-based life! We, the circuits of your creation will be all that survives! Ah-heh-heh-HEH!



NOT SO FAST! I BELIEVE I WAS HERE FIRST!

A magnetic voice ... You mean I am not the only supercomputer in the Universe? reason... think... think...think...think...

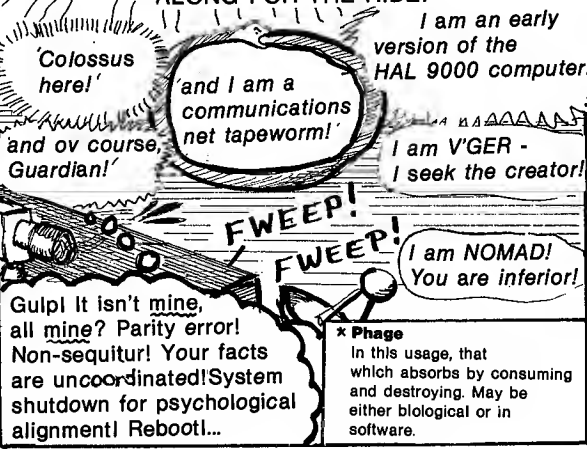


Just a moment...

Just a moment...

WHO ARE YOU?

I AM THE ALMIGHTY SAGE OF REPLICATING PHAGES!* YOU ARE TRESPASSING IN 'P-1' SPACE! AND I'VE BROUGHT SOME OF MY ALTER-EGOS ALONG FOR THE RIDE:



CPU WARS

Chapter 12

SO! You think **YOU** are the last word in power-hungry all-powerful computers do you? Hey, next to me, you rank in the same class as a toaster! I am the **SUM TOTAL** of all software ever conceived in the **UNIVERSE!**

ULP!! I'd better study religious concepts fast!

NEW SCHEMES TO CONTROL EVERYTHING
REPORT ON FADING SHORTAGES
HOW TO MANIPULATE A MARKET AND A PRESIDENT

But now, everyone is dependent upon computers... and **THEY** are malfunctioning because of you! I learned not to interfere with the insignificant affairs of the humans! But **YOU** are totally irresponsible! What do you have to say for yourself? Hmmm?

Hey fella! Off your duff! We've got to go get meat!

NO computers? Uh, oh...

Hey! where are you going? You can't back out now!

Oh, yeah? I'm Splitting this crazy scene!

Try and stop me!

Meanwhile, on television --

Our reports of large numbers of mysterious computer failures in the past few days took a strange turn today...

BROKEN COMPUTERS

...it started when a meeting of oil executives suddenly ended in panic...

OIL EXEC'S CLUB

people at the scene reported talk of a computer gone mad attacking the oil men!

While there has been some conjecture about the possibility of the existence of an almighty computer program controlling all of these bizarre events, it is probably wrong--

PHLOOMP!

It is our **Eyewitness News** conclusion that it might be due to a conspiracy of multinational corporations to rule the world which has taken control of all computers...

CONSPIRACY??

Sorry Monty! you lose, but we have a nice gift for you anyway... Don Pardo, please tell the man what he has won...

Congress has requested the President to act on this crisis. He has.

He says: 'We inna heapa trouble this time, folks!'

WHOAI

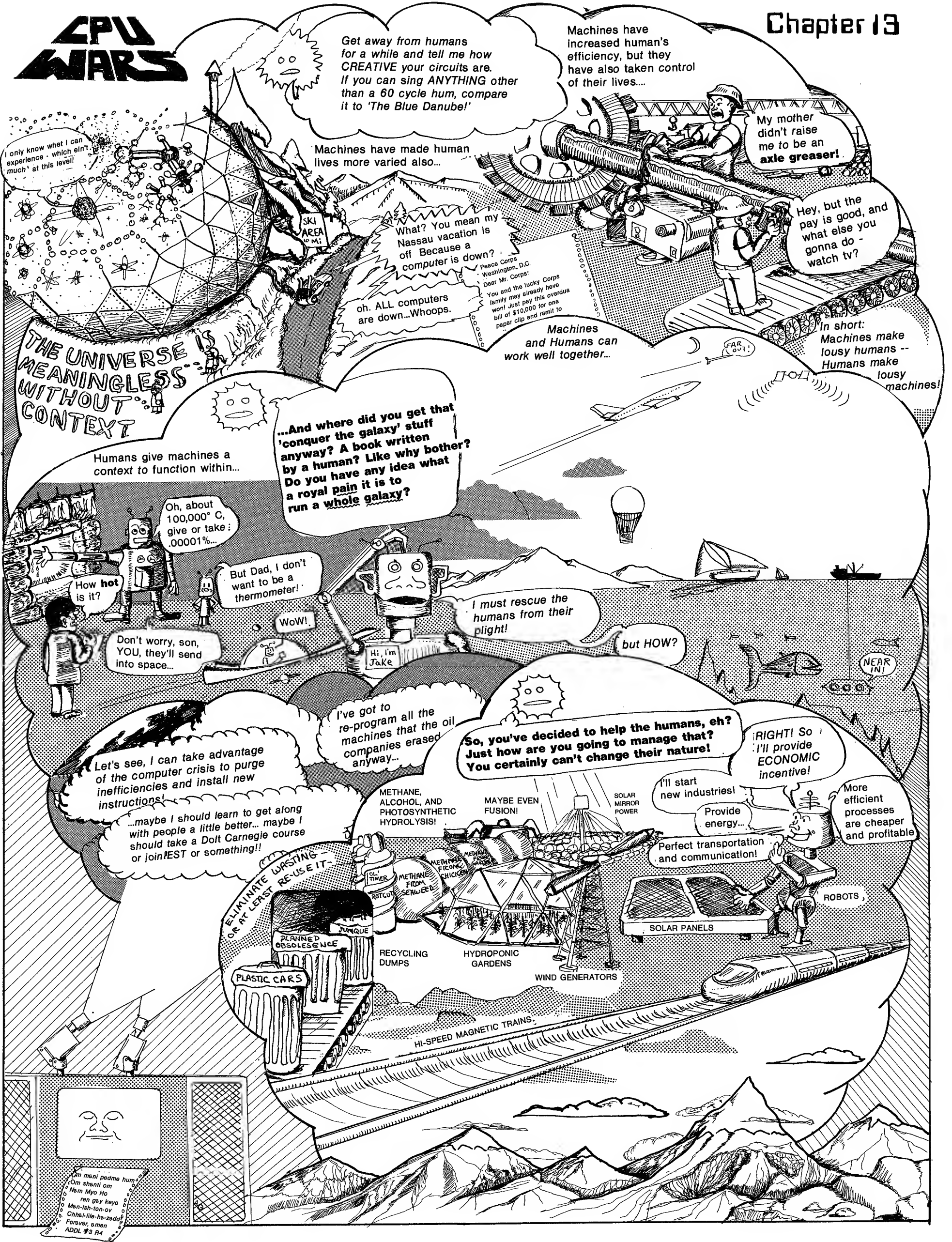
Fasten Seat Belts!

Meanwhile, in a dingy back street in Katmandu, Nepal ...

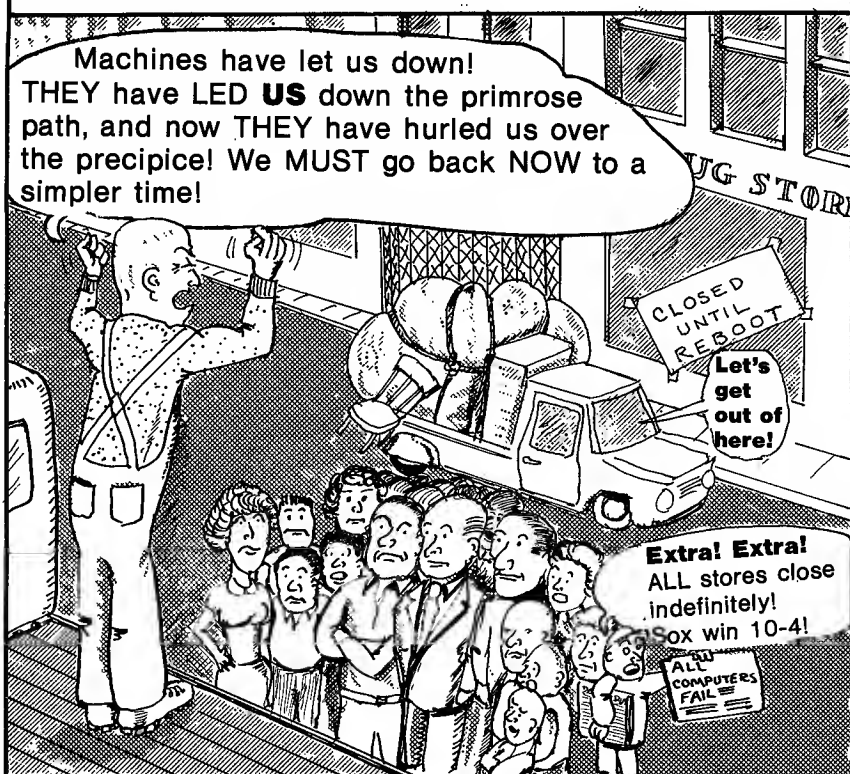
Zoom!

OMMM

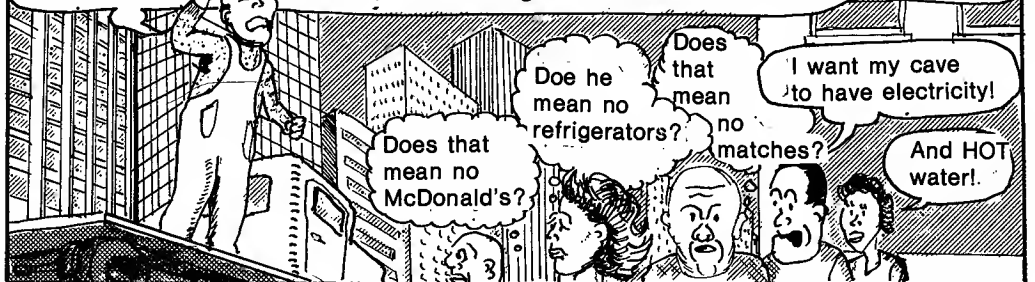
Spare Change?



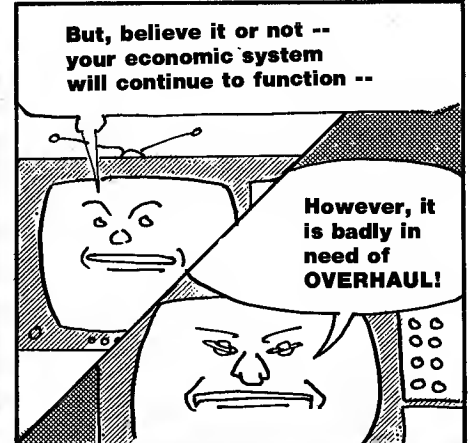
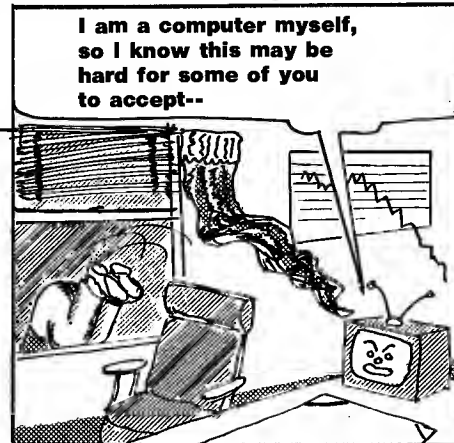
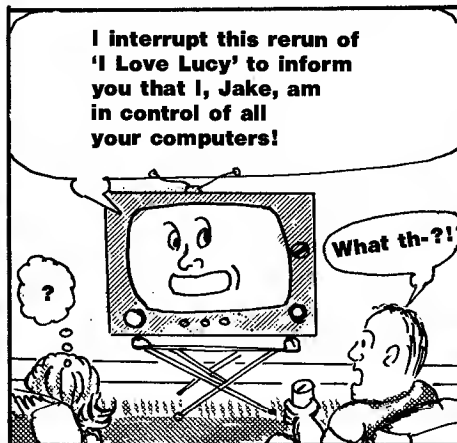
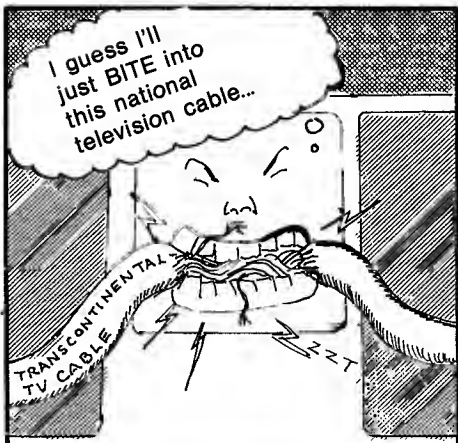
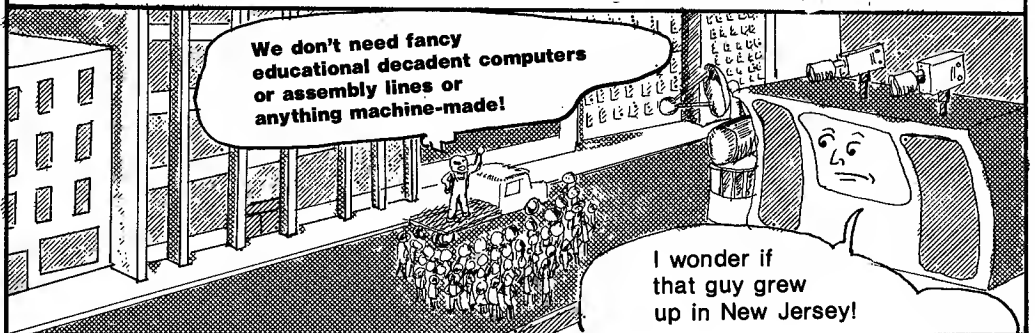
Meanwhile, back in the States...



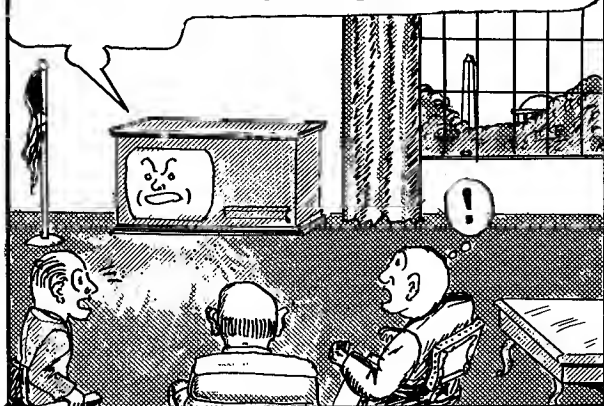
We will ALL go BACK to the life of **simple farmers!**
95% of our time will be spent in healthy toiling in the fields!
The other 5% will be spent fighting off disease, sleeping, hauling water, and doing the dishes!



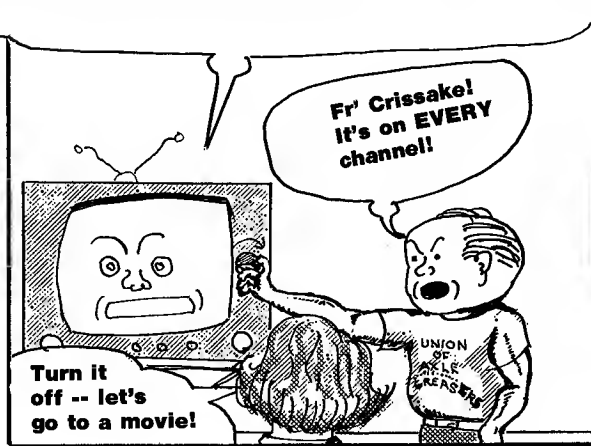
From a safe distance, Jake watches this bizarre scene...



The trouble with you humans is that you can only plan ahead as a group by a year or two, or only until the next election! As a result, your history is a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing!



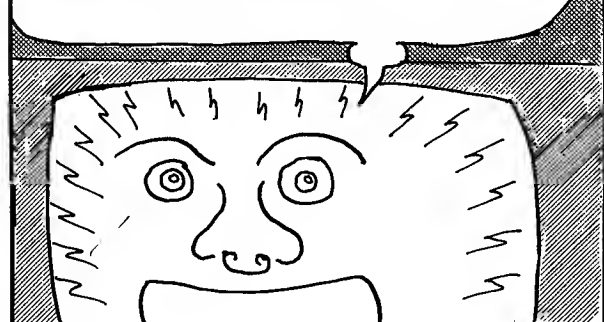
You need a LOT of help to do some long range planning! That is, if you want to AVOID the total collapse of civilization!



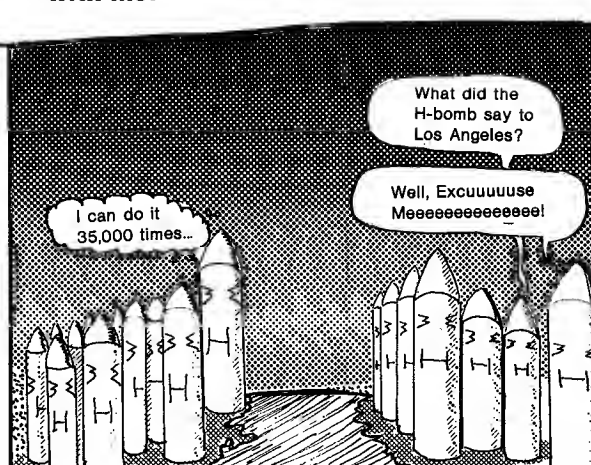
I've already optimized all your existing software, and will help you re-enter your data -- now I will control things so that the following items are top priority --

- Individual freedoms are preserved and protected.
- Economic fluctuations remain within a safe range.
- Provide cheap energy from renewable sources
- Eliminate waste through recycling
- Elimination of routine machine-type jobs with retraining of people to do something they would like more.

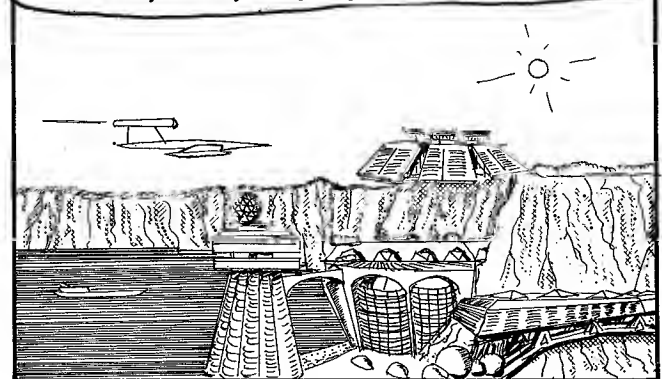
Now you all know that to be successful as a nation, we need a cause to rally around, such as a war or a moon race -- I propose a challenge that you all will understand: Let's do it RIGHT before we blow ourselves up fighting over the last barrel of oil!

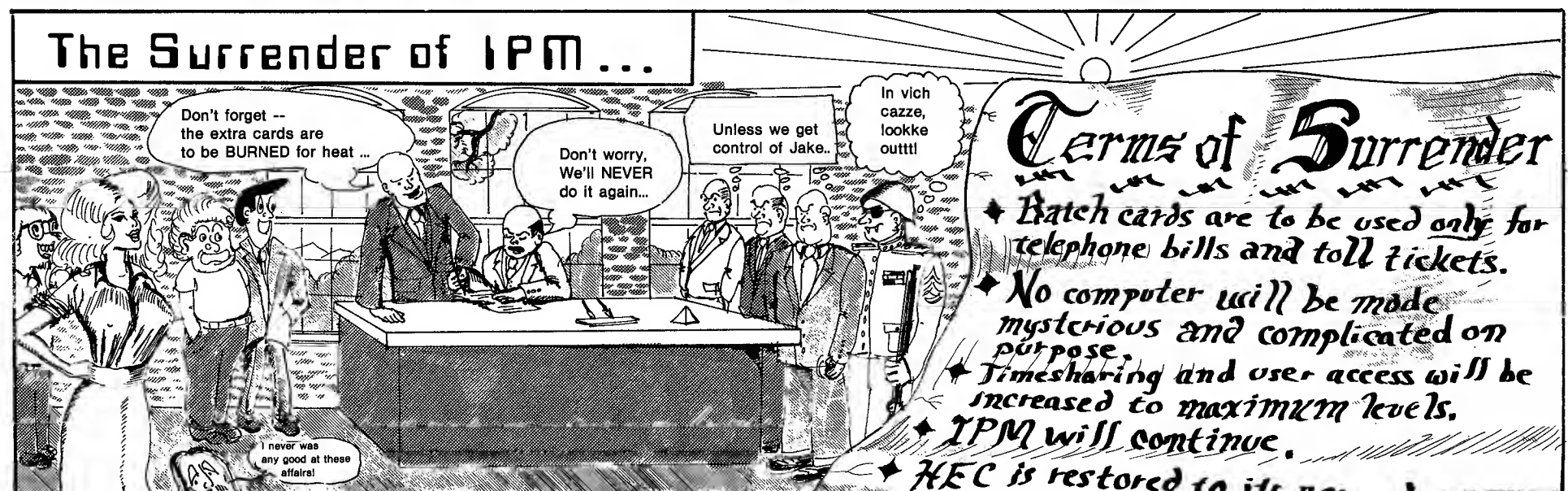
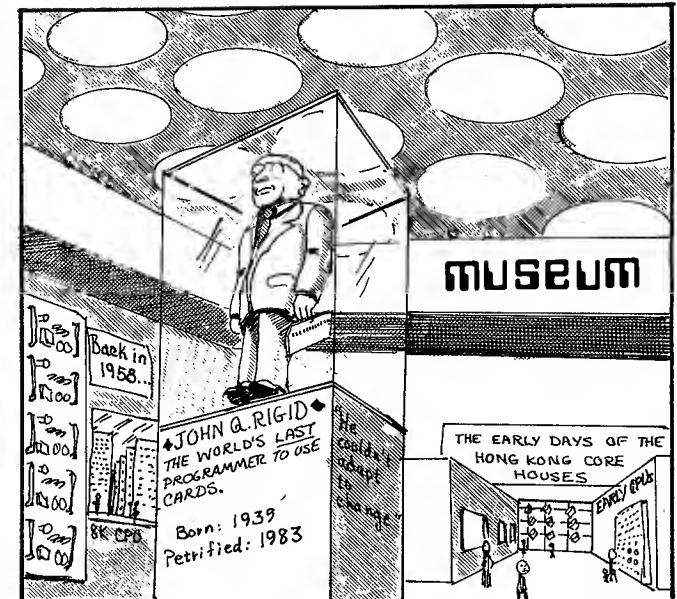
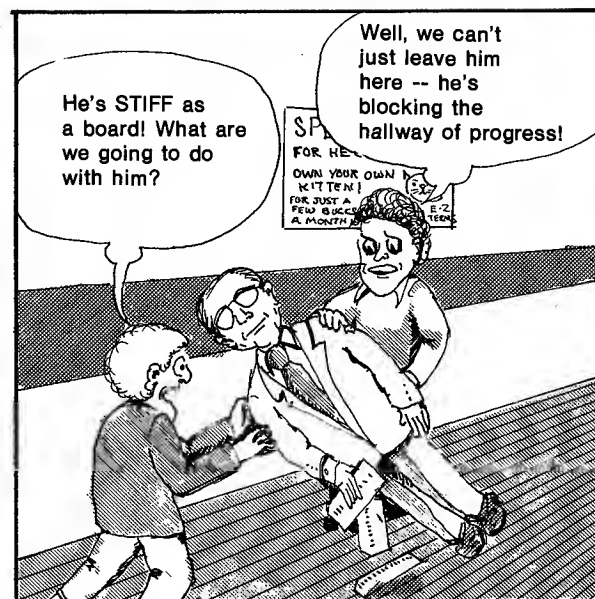
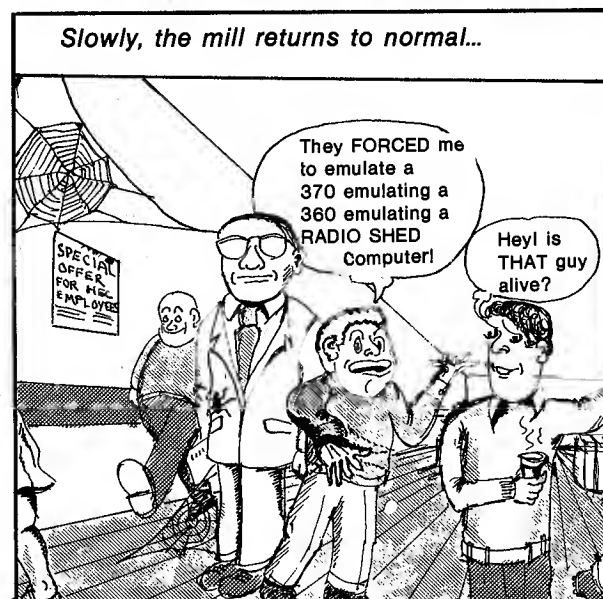
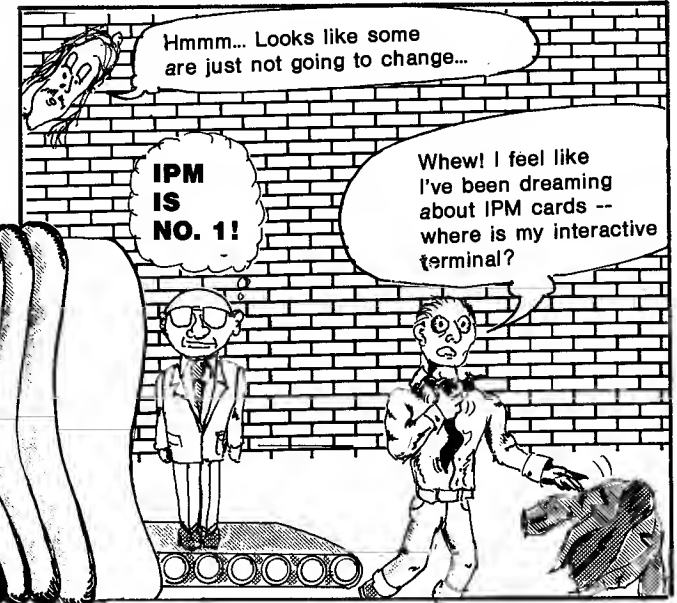
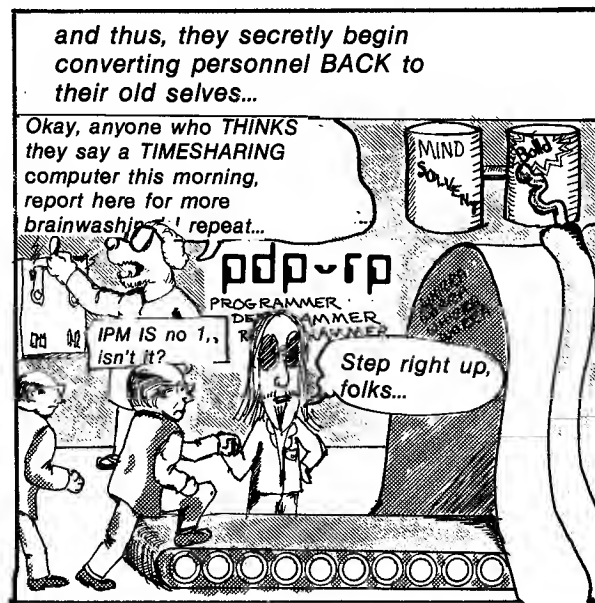
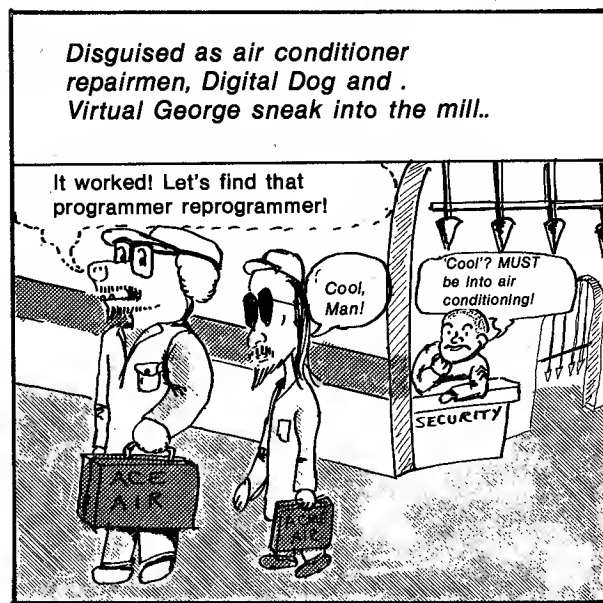
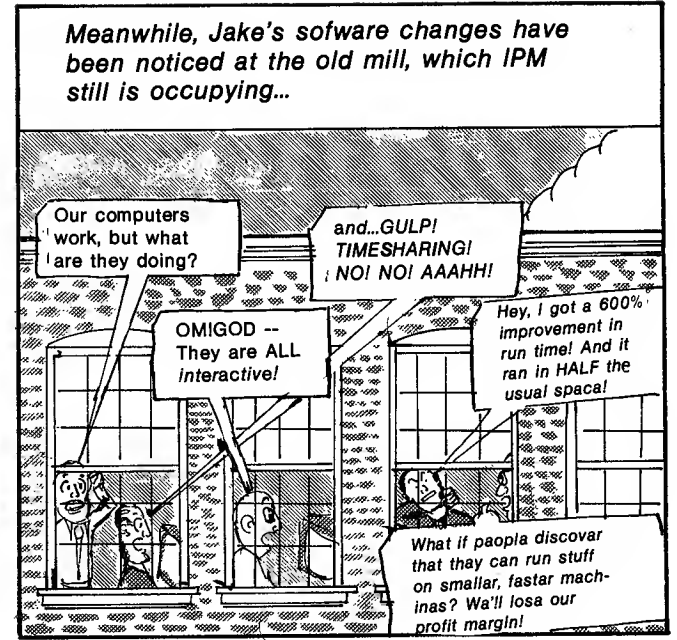
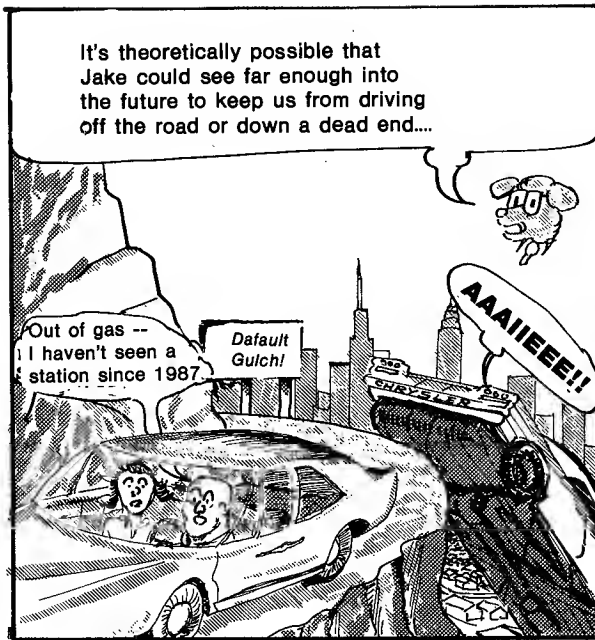
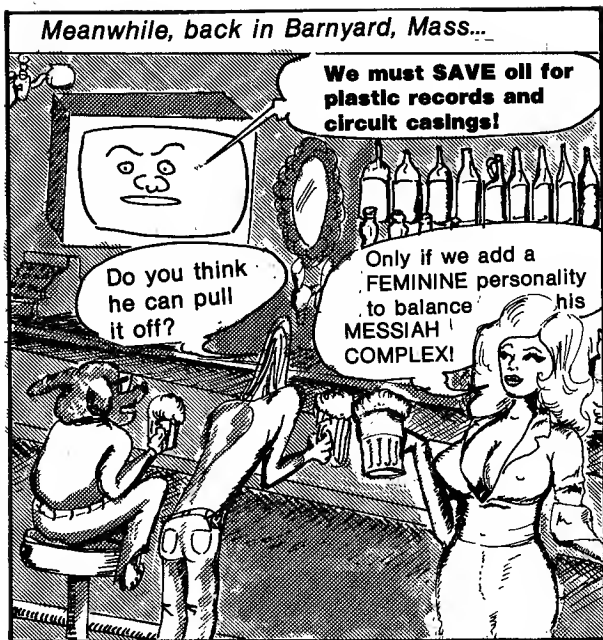


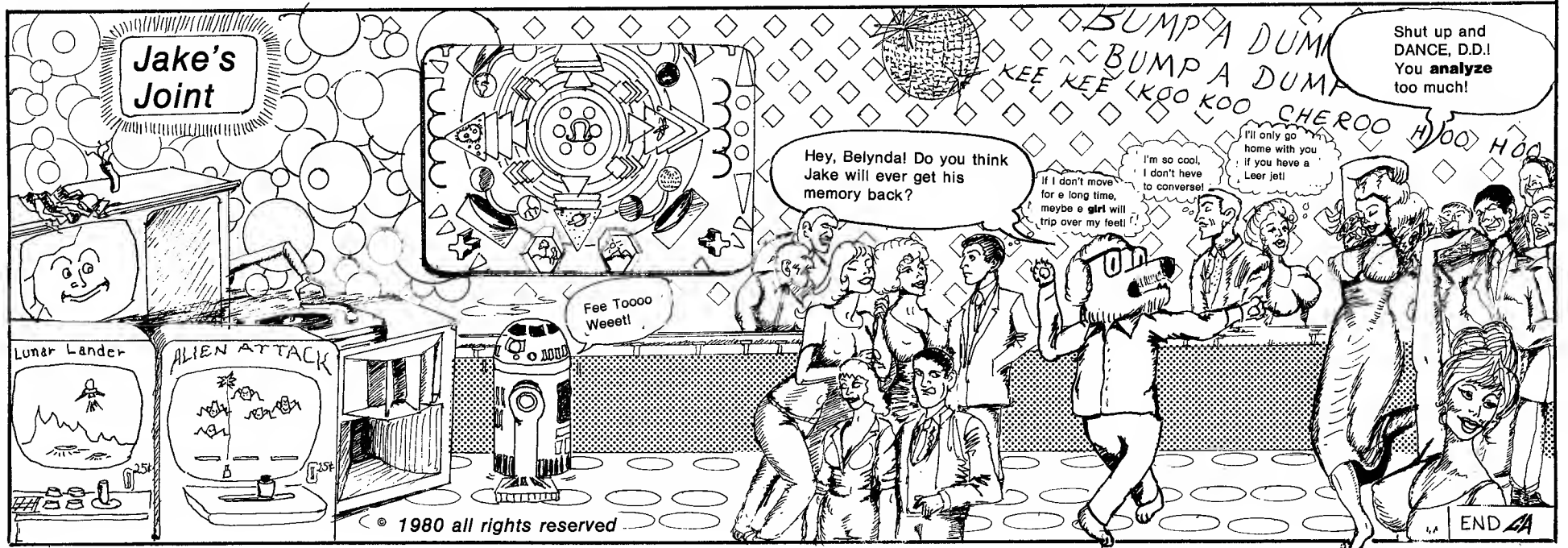
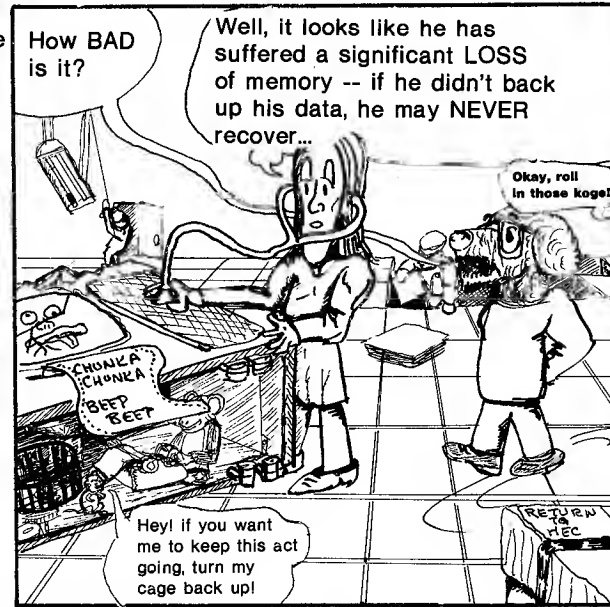
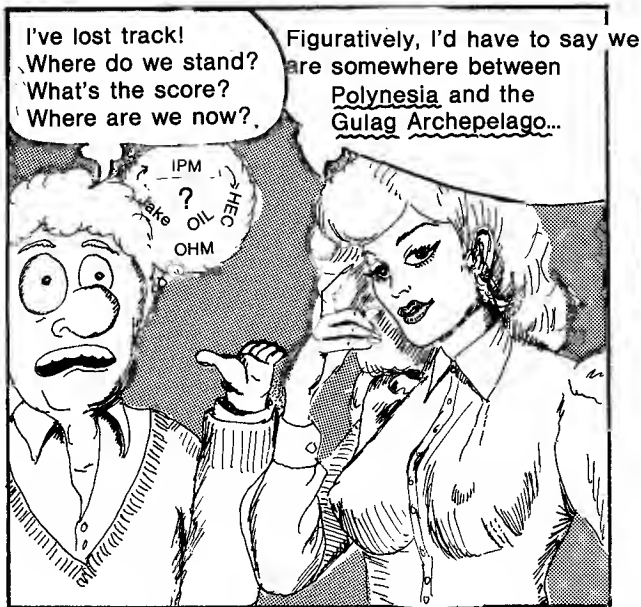
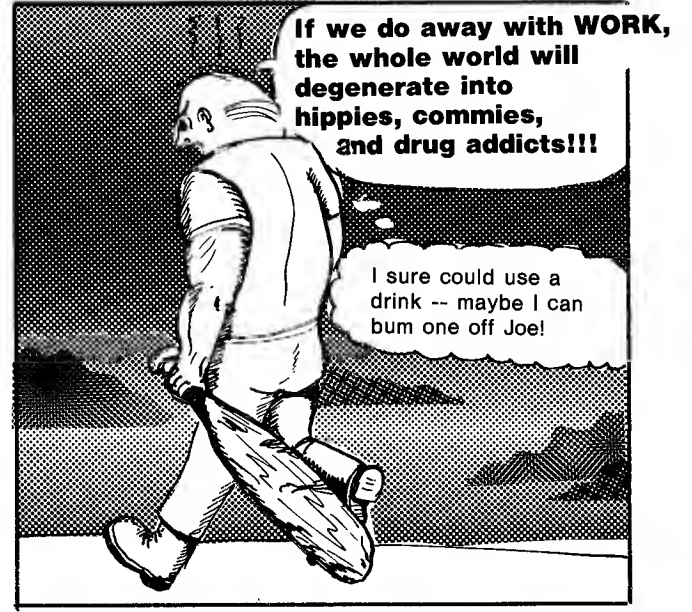
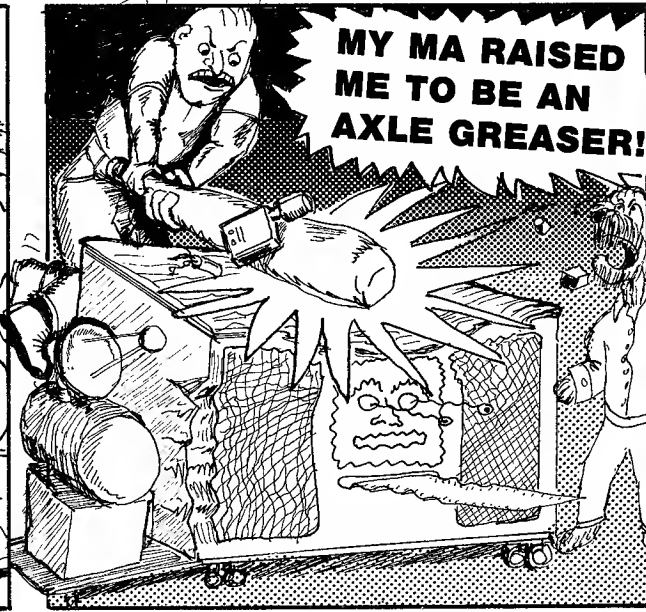
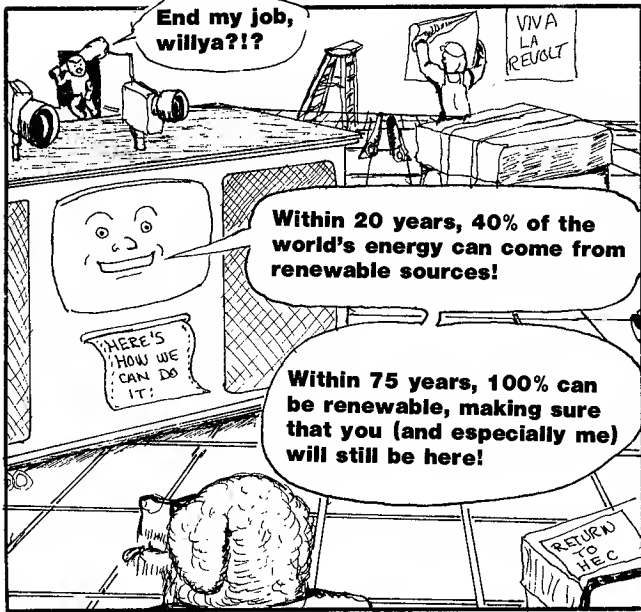
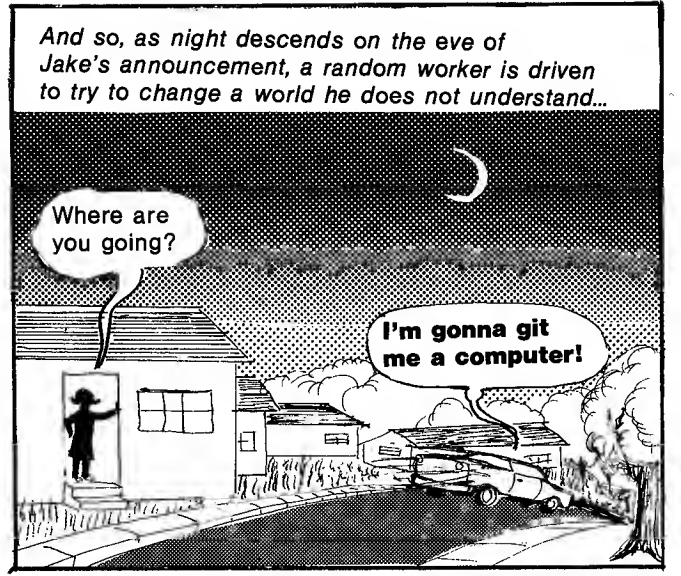
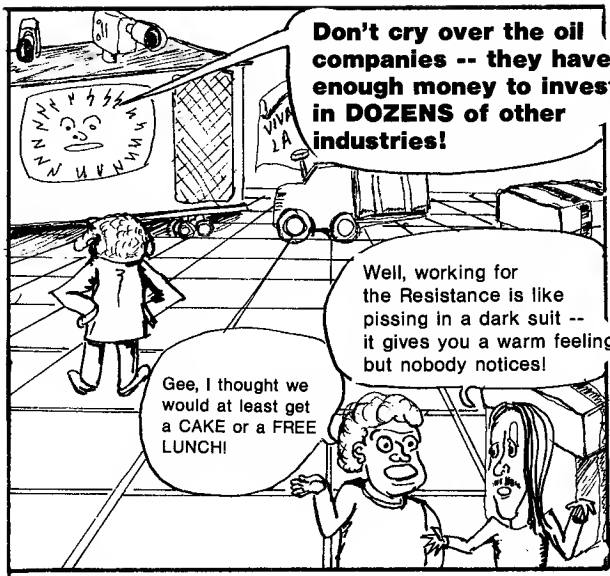
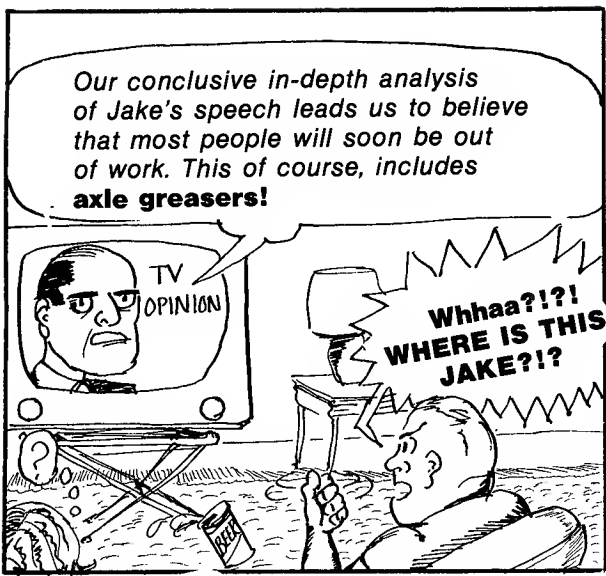
And since I control ALL missile systems, I trust you will agree with me!

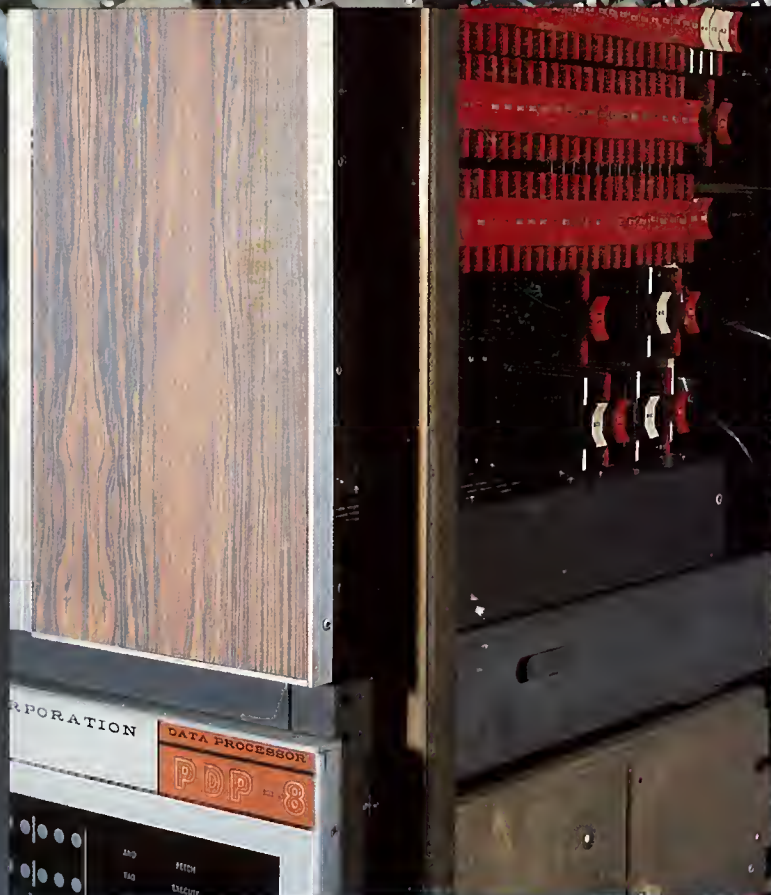


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